THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Publishers.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1315.

Original Poetry.

LET NOT YOUR HEART DESPAIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WM. SILVER, Jr.

Let not your heart despair, though fortune frown,
And desolation hover o'er your brake—
For if awhile you sought to be cast down;
All's in her list, if hope's but with you dear!
Let not your heart despair, though cloudy shade
Around you, and vast ocean on your cause,
Could well up high and threaten to engulf,
The office was the handsomest possible.

"Take Fanny to the West!" Settle my delicate wife on wild lands in Illinois. She whom the winds of Heaven have hitherto scarcely breathed upon! Never, while I have life and health to toil for her," exclaimed the indignant husband.

"It may prove a fortune for your children," urged Lester, for he was really anxious that his offer should be accepted. He would then feel as if he had done something for them, and his conscience which was troubling him, might be quieted. "It will be at rent—and then moreover he would not owe them. Anything to spare himself the pain of seeing misery—except relieving it.

The proposal, however, was steadily inclined; and Lester left himself rightfully indignant. He had done all he could. He should trouble himself no more about them."

And to this he finally adhered. So far indeed from being of aid to them, his relationship was a disadvantage. People naturally look to a man's near connections, when they are rich, and do not feel inclined to step forward when there are others who can and ought to do it.

The Baucretts, therefore, struggled on alone, and managed to keep their heads above water, leaving only about here. It was taken for granted that Lester helped them; but gradually the truth went out in this way, and the sentence of condemnation was passed upon him. He was considered and pointed out as rich, distinguished and rich as he was. reached his ears, and stung him to the quick. His sensibilities were not quite hardened yet. They never still sufficient to make him almost hate the name of Bancroft.

There was some intercourse kept up between the families, but how different from that of former days! and this too between people who had really loved each other.

The Baucretts could not forgive Lester; and to Lester they were what is familiarly called "the skeleton in the closet," one which, however, he could rather keep there than pay for its removal and thus restore it to life.

Lester had long since succeeded to his father-in-law's estate. He had but two children, a son and a daughter, and the former was gradually growing to be doubling his original fortune. Now the passion of accumulation began to develope itself—the one delight of misers. He was not yet quite proof of sun, of pulling to that end; but again—laying up for years for his children, and delighting in the thought that it was to be divided into but two portions. He lived like a gentleman, his position required that—but as for the rest he was saving.

Once again the Baucretts crossed his path as petitioners, but this time under different circumstances from the former. Their effort was a desperated fact of fourteen, dressed most soberly of mahogany-a warrant in the navy, and it being a fact not to be expected that their brother should support them either as early as possible, they asked him to procure this for their eldest boy.

"Can't my Uncle Lester get it for me, father?" asked the boy.

"Undoubtedly if he will," replied Mr. Bancroft.

"Can he?" asked his wife, earnestly.

"If he chooses really to interest himself he can," replied the husband. "He is a man of great influence of superior character had developed and elevated Ashland man a cheap-spirited young man who had every prospect of doing well in his profession, when unfortunately he was bitten by the mania for speculation, lost then prevalent in Western lands. A few months of great excitement were followed by a revulsion that ruined many—home to many a Utherite happy Lorett.

"Ashland I hear is deeply involved in this Mississippi speculation," was the remark among business men.

"Yes; but his father-in-law will see him through at once.

"I'll ask him," replied his wife, "and he does not refuse me."

Her husband smiled coldly but said nothing to damp her ardor, and the mother set off at once for her brother's house.

She had not talked long to Lester, however, before the cause of her coming came over her—the sense of her own degradation, her present futility, and then stated the difficulty of obtaining such things—the number of applicants, the few vacancies—and that she could not ask him to do anything for her brother so marked, and her heart rose within her, and proudly and coldly she hid him good morning.

This but stung her pride to the quick. She resented it deeply haughtily. She could scarce believe that that was the brother that she had once been so fond of.

She was now roused however. Her mind and heart were occupied with one object. She did not know was an idea in her. Her boy *should* have his warrant! A thought flashed across her. Her old friend Ellen Montgomery, the wife of Judge Hastings, now a distinguished member of the Senate—she was the one! She would write to her! She did write and not in vain. Ellen used all her influence with her husband, which was great, and Hastings—he was a man of heart, of action, and the thing was done. And Mrs. Hastings coming on a few days afterwards from Washington, had the pleasure of calling on Mrs. Bancroft and leaving behind her the warrant for which she had come. And then once again she came in contact with the Lesters, for since their marriage, Hastings had made him happy. He told nonsuit again and again that he was not mean," and actually believed it and so he let her go.

And two more desolate and forlorn old people than were these childless parents, can scarcely be conceived.

"Mother," said Lucy Bancroft, "Aunt Lester wants to know if you will come and see her to-day." "I went there yesterday just after dinner. I declare I never saw anything so gloomy. There was their half-lit at a table with only two plates on it—"

"And half a mutton chop, I suppose," said her daughter, interrupting her.

"Not much more, Tom," she replied with a smile. "But really I could not but feel sorry for them. Aunt Lester looked so forlorn and wretched! The very dullness of the life she leads is enough of itself to kill her. Hardly a person crosses their threshold from one week's end to another."

"Then they can't well," answered Tom. "If my Uncle Lester had only treated Frank with decent liberality, he would have turned out very differently. And then to let poor Mrs. Ashland lead the life she must out there. 'Pon my word, if people will voluntarily make themselves miserable, they may. I have no compassion to bestow upon them."

"Will you go with me," said Mrs Bancroft to her husband. "I think it would cheer my brother to see you. He appears completely broken down since Fanny left them. His voice has lost its usual tone. It seems to take no interest in any thing."

"Except stocks," replied her husband, with some sarcasm in his voice. "Tell him they have risen a quarter per cent., and you'll hear his voice regain energy."

"Well," rejoined Mrs. Bancroft, sadly—for spite of all she clung to early feelings, and still loved her brother—"I am to go and talk to him of stocks."

* * * * *

And thus passed a few years of utter desolation to them. Their children grew up, Mrs. Lester passed and fretted and grew querulous—and Mr. Lester was silent and morose. His heart contracted and contracted. Every generous impulse he left alone engross it, but engross it whole, was all now that kept him alive.

The man of genius, of taste, of feeling, was engulfed in the man of wealth.

"The poorest day he," had been the object of his reverence in his youth—the only God of his old age was Mammon.

"Ashland is dead, I see," said Tom Lewis, looking up from his newspaper.

"No! You don't say so!" exclaimed his son. "Threw back for poor Frank at last. Without the dollar found some means of carrying off his money with him to the other world."

"He would if he could, no doubt," rejoined the father. "He's no loss, that's certain;" then he'd leaned a trace and more spirited speech than was usual on the occasion, in which was condemned sets of heedless and reckless men, such as Ashland, in his early days, would have shuddered.

Another bold his hand on a common passing man, while he sat upon the seat, cryin in a decided tone — Measures, one more now, and I'll walk it with a blow—'tis very small for you to be the work's share. Your features are all in order, and time—I have to make it, let one more here be paid, and you shall see me break it!" But vain was his appeal. The public was deaf to it, and left out stirs and came, leaving many another gone which, if you should wish to hear, you may get your self to me!

And I am now to near the *Arc de Triomphe*, I may as well tell you what we take you on a long walk (once more only) to the Barrier of Neuilly, and then I'll through the passage of the Tuileries and Arthaud's, two miles distant. Its outline seemed to fill up the whole of the arch. As we approached it more, going up the gentle ascent, it grew to grand and colossal dimensions. Think of a triumphal arch one hundred and fifty feet high, and nearly equal in size to the tremendous front of Notre Dame! Why, the three triumphal arches of Rome together with that of Tarare Quadrifons added, would not reach near it! It is by far the grandest structure of this kind I ever looked up to, and made me feel proud of the daring of modern art. On the inside of the arch are four groups of sculpture, by the officers of the Imperial Army, and the victories they won, which number more than a hundred. On each front are two groups of sculpture, representing, symbolically, The Alarm; the Triumph; the Resistance and Peace. These are most admirable in spirit and design; the expression of the figures in the first group was perfectly startling.—I could not look on them without a thrill, and I can easily see how they hurtle the soldiers on to battle and victory. The glow of patriotic and martial ardor seems to shed a warmth over the cold, stone figures. Besides these, there are bas-reliefs on the inner sides, representing historical events connected with the army, and above them a row of medallion busts, bearing the names of Jena, Friedland, Austerlitz, &c.

From the top there is a wide and lovely view. Paris, with its green gardens, groves and clear blue outlines of palace and dome, lies on one hand, and on the other, you look over the forest of Bologne to the park and palace of St. Cloud, and away down the Seine, where the hills of St. Germain lean against the horizon.

J. B. T.

Original Tales.

AARON'S ROD; Or, The Love of Gold.

CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY E. L. F., AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," "LIGHTING THE CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.

"The sweet yellow darlings wi' lovesike ingerut.
The lasses a' lo'e them—for where they're ravat
Burns.

The birth of a son was very much desired by all there's love and attention (for there are women there beside to not seem to enlarge, but to trace to see affectionate, in every one of their relations) and this was a great relief to Lester. His son and interests were entirely engrossed between its profession and his own. He was a child of incredibly a rising man. Every thing seemed to prosper around him. His only sister had married some years before, and died, but not before she had become wife was now making money hand over hand. In fact, it was said that she had made a fortune by what it did not turn into gold." Lester was very fond of him, and indeed there was a harmony and joyousness in their intercourse, that in which every heart must have responded. His wife had always been very fond and proud of her brother, and altogether they were a most happy domestic circle. When people are prosperous themselves, and see those around them sharing happy themselves, they must be cold indeed, if they do not sympathize in the happiness around them. And no one could have seen the Lesters without being somewhat pleasure in the success of others. He had an sensibility enough to rejoice with the fortunate, and more than enough to feel for the unfortunate.

A few years passed thus in uninterrupted success, when the sky suddenly darkened and the happy circle were thunderstruck by the failure of Mr. Bancroft. Every body was amazed. He had been considered one of the wealthiest merchants in the community; but the storm was to fall on two successive. In short, it was the failure of the season. It spread its chaos of devastation, and carried the small fish and a great many great ones in its train. It was very loud of him, and indeed there was a generosity and joyousness in his communications, that in which every heart must have responded. His wife had always been very fond and proud of her brother, and altogether they were a most happy domestic circle. When people are prosperous themselves, and see those around them sharing happy themselves, they must be cold indeed, if they do not sympathize in the happiness around them. And no one could have seen the Lesters without being somewhat pleasure in the success of others. He had an sensibility enough to rejoice with the fortunate, and more than enough to feel for the unfortunate.

A few years passed thus in uninterrupted success, when the sky suddenly darkened and the happy circle were thunderstruck by the failure of Mr. Bancroft. Every body was amazed. He had been considered one of the wealthiest merchants in the community; but the storm was to fall on two successive. In short, it was the failure of the season. It spread its chaos of devastation, and carried the small fish and a great many great ones in its train. It was very loud of him, and indeed there was a generosity and joyousness in their intercourse, that in which every heart must have responded. His wife had always been very fond and proud of her brother, and altogether they were a most happy domestic circle. When people are prosperous themselves, and see those around them sharing happy themselves, they must be cold indeed, if they do not sympathize in the happiness around them. And no one could have seen the Lesters without being somewhat pleasure in the success of others. He had an sensibility enough to rejoice with the fortunate, and more than enough to feel for the unfortunate.

"Can't my Uncle Lester get it for me, father?" asked the boy.

"Undoubtedly if he will," replied Mr. Bancroft.

"Can he?" asked his wife, earnestly.

"If he chooses really to interest himself he can," replied the husband. "He is a man of great influence with his party, and the department would not refuse him a thing of the kind."

"Then he shall," said Mrs. Bancroft, resolutely—"I'll make him."

"Fanny said then done my dear," rejoined her husband. "As it is you pretty anything, however, he may. It it were not for the poor boy's sake, nothing would tempt me to ask a favor of him myself."

"I will ask him," replied his wife, "and he does not refuse me."

Her husband smiled coldly but said nothing to damp her ardor, and the mother set off at once for her brother's house.

She had not talked long to Lester, however, before the cause of her coming came over her—the sense of her own degradation, her present futility, and then stated the difficulty of obtaining such things—the number of applicants, the few vacancies—and that she could not ask him to do anything for her brother so marked, and her heart rose within her, and proudly and coldly she hid him good morning.

This but stung her pride to the quick. She resented it deeply haughtily. She could scarce believe that that was the brother that she had once been so fond of.

She was now roused however. Her mind and heart were occupied with one object. She did not know was an idea in her. Her boy *should* have his warrant! A thought flashed across her. Her old friend Ellen Montgomery, the wife of Judge Hastings, now a distinguished member of the Senate—she was the one! She would write to her! She did write and not in vain. Ellen used all her influence with her husband, which was great, and Hastings—he was a man of heart, of action, and the thing was done. And Mrs. Hastings coming on a few days afterwards from Washington, had the pleasure of calling on Mrs. Bancroft and leaving behind her the warrant for which she had come. And then once again she came in contact with the Lesters, for since their marriage, Hastings had made him happy. He told nonsuit again and again that he was not mean," and actually believed it and so he let her go.

And two more desolate and forlorn old people than were these childless parents, can scarcely be conceived.

"Mother," said Lucy Bancroft, "Aunt Lester wants to know if you will come and see her to-day." "I went there yesterday just after dinner. I declare I never saw anything so gloomy. There was their half-lit at a table with only two plates on it—"

"And half a mutton chop, I suppose," said her daughter, interrupting her.

"Not much more, Tom," she replied with a smile. "But really I could not but feel sorry for them. Aunt Lester looked so forlorn and wretched! The very dullness of the life she leads is enough of itself to kill her. Hardly a person crosses their threshold from one week's end to another."

"Then they can't well," answered Tom. "If my Uncle Lester had only treated Frank with decent liberality, he would have turned out very differently. And then to let poor Mrs. Ashland lead the life she must out there. 'Pon my word, if people will voluntarily make themselves miserable, they may. I have no compassion to bestow upon them."

"Will you go with me," said Mrs Bancroft to her husband. "I think it would cheer my brother to see you. He appears completely broken down since Fanny left them. His voice has lost its usual tone. It seems to take no interest in any thing."

"Except stocks," replied her husband, with some sarcasm in his voice. "Tell him they have risen a quarter per cent., and you'll hear his voice regain energy."

"Well," rejoined Mrs. Bancroft, sadly—for spite of all she clung to early feelings, and still loved her brother—"I am to go and talk to him of stocks."

* * * * *

And thus passed a few years of utter desolation to them. Their children grew up, Mrs. Lester passed and fretted and grew querulous—and Mr. Lester was silent and morose. His heart contracted and contracted. Every generous impulse he left alone engross it, but engross it whole, was all now that kept him alive.

The man of genius, of taste, of feeling, was engulfed in the man of wealth.

"The poorest day he," had been the object of his reverence in his youth—the only God of his old age was Mammon.

"Ashland is dead, I see," said Tom Lewis, looking up from his newspaper.

"No! You don't say so!" exclaimed his son. "Threw back for poor Frank at last. Without the dollar found some means of carrying off his money with him to the other world."

"He would if he could, no doubt," rejoined the father. "He's no loss, that's certain;" then he'd leaned a trace and more spirited speech than was usual on the occasion, in which was condemned sets of heedless and reckless men, such as Ashland, in his early days, would have shuddered.

Another bold his hand on a common passing man, while he sat upon the seat, cryin in a decided tone — Measures, one more now, and I'll walk it with a blow—'tis very small for you to be the work's share. Your features are all in order, and time—I have to make it, let one more here be paid, and you shall see me break it!" But vain was his appeal. The public was deaf to it, and left out stirs and came, leaving many another gone which, if you should wish to hear, you may get your self to me!

And I am now to near the *Arc de Triomphe*, I may as well tell you what we take you on a long walk (once more only) to the Barrier of Neuilly, and then I'll through the passage of the Tuileries and Arthaud's, two miles distant. Its outline seemed to fill up the whole of the arch. As we approached it more, going up the gentle ascent, it grew to grand and colossal dimensions. Think of a triumphal arch one hundred and fifty feet high, and nearly equal in size to the tremendous front of Notre Dame! Why, the three triumphal arches of Rome together with that of Tarare Quadrifons added, would not reach near it! It is by far the grandest structure of this kind I ever looked up to, and made me feel proud of the daring of modern art. On the inside of the arch are four groups of sculpture, by the officers of the Imperial Army, and the victories they won, which number more than a hundred. On each front are two groups of sculpture, representing, symbolically, The Alarm; the Triumph; the Resistance and Peace. These are most admirable in spirit and design; the expression of the figures in the first group was perfectly startling.—I could not look on them without a thrill, and I can easily see how they hurtle the soldiers on to battle and victory. The glow of patriotic and martial ardor seems to shed a warmth over the cold, stone figures. Besides these, there are bas-reliefs on the inner sides, representing historical events connected with the army, and above them a row of medallion busts, bearing the names of Jena, Friedland, Austerlitz, &c.

From the top there is a wide and lovely view. Paris, with its green gardens, groves and clear blue outlines of palace and dome, lies on one hand, and on the other, you look over the forest of Bologne to the park and palace of St. Cloud, and away down the Seine, where the hills of St. Germain lean against the horizon.

J. B. T.

Original Song.

TO LAURA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY JOHN R. GOOD.

Unconscious of all earthly care,
To pleasure's gay haunt bounds gayly,
On golden wings wild fancy bears
My spirit to the Elysian fields,
When Laura's heart my bosom presses,
And all is one of love's delirium.

What is this little life to me
What charms have honor, riches, fame?
Such worldly daughters my heart scorn,
And all is lost in pleasure's flame,
When Laura's heart my bosom presses,
And in my ear her love confesses.

Let each enjoy his favorite pleasure,
And count the joys pursuit is sweet,
To me is lost all other treasure,
And each in love's delirium roves,
When Laura's heart my bosom presses,
And in my ear her love confesses.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES Of the Old World.

NUMBER SEVENTY-FIVE.

THE CARNIVAL AT PARIS—MARCH OF THE "BEUF GRAS"—SCENES IN THE CHAMPS ELYSEES—A CLANCE AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE DE L'ETOILE.

Paris, February 25th, 1846.

The Carnival is just over. Yesterday evening the procession of the "Beuf Gras" passed through the *boulevards*. Directly before the ox-car, the *Centre de la Comedie*, wound up the week's festivities. The streets this morning were full of carriages, filled with the gay masqueraders, and their way home from the early balls. I saw many companies of amateur Spaniards, sailors and cavaliers, in exchange of the hotel-keeper's dress, going and blowing their horns most uproariously. They are fairly mad with excitement, and actually starting these ear-splitting efforts at mirth, it was plain to be seen they were somewhat the worse for their midnight revels.

Yesterday, too, the famous procession of the *beuf gras* took place for the second time, with all its pomp and splendor, and was, in short, a most astonishing affair. It starts this morning near half of the day, and I was up and dressed in season to see

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1846.

TERMS.

Single copies $3 per annum in advance—$3 if no paid in advance.

For $5 an advance one copy will be sent three years. The Clubs we make the following LIBERAL OFFERS!

3 COPIES,	$6 00	PER ANNUM.
5 "	10 00	" "
10 "	20 00	" "
17 "	30 00	" "

The money for Clubs must always be remitted in advance.

Letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Remittals must always state the Post Office *removed from*, as well as that to which the paper is to be sent.

FOR THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Sowers' Pictorial Family Magazine" will be sent one year.

FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of "Sowers' Pictorial Family Magazine" and one copy of "Graham's Magazine of Lady's Book, and one copy of "Sowers' Pictorial Family Almanac" will be sent one year. The Saturday Evening Post for $5. Or for copies of the 3 Periodicals, a splendid steel engraving of "Cupid Disarmed," or one copies of Godey's Lady's Book for $10.

FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, or the Lady's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

We respectfully request those of our subscribers who are in arrears, to forward the amounts respectively owing to us by the 1st of next month. We have paid to do our part in giving them a pleasant, instructive and moral evening companion throughout the year, now we trust they will do their part, by forwarding that compensation for which we are justly entitled. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," is a Christian precept, and one worthy of all acceptation—and if any laborer be worthy of his hire, surely the publisher, who gives so much for so little, is the man. We trust this appeal to the consciences and pockets of our subscribers, will not be without effect—but that every person upon reading it, will begin to study out in his or her mind, how much he or she "owes the printer."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. G. W. is informed that the "Lines spoken" are *always in advance*. In return for his critical remarks, we are almost tempted, in revenge, to wish him an editor, for a week or two. He has published "Quilter" in order that our readers might know what was good grammar, and therefore must be amused by those communications which will creep occasionally into the best regulated pages. As to these articles for which no place is more directly responsible, let it be remembered that they are often written under the most unfavorable circumstances, when the heart and brain are full of anxiety—when the most not seem.

The Introductory on Chivalry, is respectfully declined.

We will endeavor, if we can find time, to examine our friend D. L. Y.'s production a little more closely, and see if the amendments he speaks of will improve it, but our correspondents must have patience and wait our leisure a little in such cases. We would say, however, here D. L. Y. encouraged.

The Answer To is accepted.

G. W. Y. is informed that we fancy "Oh, Robin Ewed the Farmer's Wife," the best, so far as metre considerations are concerned, of the pieces sent us. The most marvellous facility the poem for other reasons is "Tom Moderate." We cannot, may probably be found room for keep to the Post corner shop.

We subscribe ourself "Rosalie Somerville, Jr., by J. M. S." or we should have "put him out of his agony" before this. The Albion Lines, which we think the better of the two, we declined, the other poem, which we think the better, we respectfully decline.

WEALTH AND SHOW.

There are few things in our country more to be regretted, than the wonderful amount possible waste of time, especially in the cities, to an ardent pursuit of wealth as the means or the highest human delicacy. Connected with this earnest desire to grow rich, we generally found a love of style and show, that finds its gratification in a large and elegant house, and costly furniture.

The ardent desire for wealth and show is almost visible both in the end and in the means, but in the process, more especially, may its traces be seen, and in this case it is generally productive of more serious and humanizing consequences. Every member, the young man in this or any other large city, just starting out into life. In his willing to begin, as his father before him, in a small but neat and tidy house, with perhaps a few *extempore* issues; you will find every effort to make that house as near at the same age, but be a vast deal prouder. He must have his expensive mirrors, his mahogany chairs, his Brussels carpeting, and his sideboard must be situated in one of the most beautiful and fashionable quarters of the town.

And what is the consequence! He begins life with heavy expenses, and his whole existence is either one continual struggle, by means of which he completes, however only known, to keep his head above water; or else a succession of inflated business speculations and gentlemanly swindles. To be happy in his domestic relations! It is impossible that he should be. He upbraids his wife, if may be, for petty expenses, and herself necessary by the style of living they have adopted; he exclaims that he cannot afford it; and yet he has not the courage to mention the main cause of his difficulties, by a removal to a smaller house, and an entire remodelling of his mode of living. Or, perhaps, he rather encourages the extravagance of his household, and looks upon it as a means of "advancing," or he has terms it, "his facilities," but which, in plain English, implies deceiving the unwary, to that he may be enabled to make a more effectual and lucrative spring upon them.

We know that it is hard to alter one's style of living for the poorer, and, therefore, we can *counsel* it; but we can, and do, implore upon the heads of all, not of life, to begin low and humble. It is *easy* better to rise, but it is very unpleasant and difficult to sink, by a long series of years. Time, we the foregone here is one of the lesser ones in the great book of the world, and we would fain have it well improved by it, you will be raised upon to go up higher.

But there are other evils springing from this insane desire for wealth and show, of a more public character. We allude to the neglect of the duties which it entails upon the possessor of the wealth. We have thirsty beyond moderation for anything, becomes in a degree, a curse to the country in which it is living to the extent of "your mouth is filled, the thought will be frequently in your heart, it must be expended, and that upon the money from others, from time to time, be who has not some liberal principles of education and the rights as a moral and intellectual being in time of need, is in great danger of losing his independence and becoming a tool in the hands of designing men. Every man of wealth, should spend, or risk the spending of the whole amount of his yearly wages or income. If he does, he is in great danger of becoming a mere morning and feeding himself in bondage. And it is better to dwell in a large house, and tread on the finest carpets, than to be free and independent! or, rather, should we not say with the poet—

"Better to dwell in Freedom's hall,
With a cold blast and a crust,
Than to have the nods, or bend the knee,
To the proudest palace of Slavery!"

THE PRESS AWAKING.

We recognize our contemporaries this week from the city and country press, showing that a spirit is being aroused in the land which will no longer tolerate the infamous outrages which for years the editors of late have repeatedly condemned in our columns. And it requires nothing more than open avowal of the fact, to rouse the whole press throughout the country, of their opinions relative in the mingling of religious sentiments with the affairs of state. We gave free and others of a kindred class, together with a frank and manly condemnation of the publishers and defenders of such books to be retained from the households of all who value the peace of their own minds, and the safety of their children. Let the press, however, not only denounce the publications of immoral works in the abstract, but let it single out particular works, and hold up the publishers and sellers of such books to the reprobation of indignation and of scorn that they merit. If this is done, the publishers will soon discover the error and all men begin to see that you are in earnest. One candid, open and manly notice, in which things are called by their right names, of any publisher or bookseller who dares to thrust his vile wares before the face of a respectable editor, and request by the doing a notice of some kind, will be worth whole columns of anything else that can be written upon the subject. Let the press, then, but do its simple duty—and I believe that the baneful influence of American literature, for instance, with W. E. Channing and other truly talented writers to boot, will soon be driven from the North American, of this city, which says, in the course of an article upon the "poet":

"Within the last fortnight we have seen one man on trial for a homicide committed in a fit of jealousy, and beheld a second arrested for attempting the life of a supposed seducer. These things did not use to be. Men were left to settle their affairs as they pleased, can we wonder to see vice and crime spring up in the midst of a people where the appalling future for if in the infancy of this thing, such ruin is already what will we not behold when it has grown to manhood! In that day divorce will only be more common here than in France; assassination will be an every day affair, and the only truth will be written, as of that place, that one-third of our births are illegitimate!"

The Orange County News, published at Middletown, N. Y., thus speaks out as follows:

"The Saturday Post, one of the best literary papers in the Union, gives George Lippard and the Quaker City a terrible lashing, for the latter for writing a licentious book entitled 'The Quaker City,' and the latter for puffing it. *The Post is right.*"

The Perry Standard, published at Bloomfield, Pa., says:

"The Saturday Evening Post is engaged in a warfare against the 'Quaker City,' and all similar publications. Certainly the Post and the Monthly Harpers, of New York, a severe but merited rebuke for its entire irreconcilable policy of publishing works whose tendency and influence cannot be otherwise than baneful to a high degree. *We trust the Post will—upon here the sympathy and approbation of all right minded persons in the country.* The Post is *peculiarly* *fortunately* *situated* in your course."

The Wayne County Democrat, a Vermont paper, also avoids its name among the defenders of morality and virtue. It says—

"The Saturday Evening Post contains an appeal to the Editor Harpers, upon their responsibility as the first in influence, for the publication of such works as Martin, the Foundling, by Eugene Sue, &c. A more eloquent, courteous, and at the same time, more unanswerable document it would be hard to hear or hear upon the subject—just the thing for the Post to publish."

We are delighted to see such papers as the Post, the Standard, and the Wayne speak as a family paper—taking the ground it does against the Quaker City literature. Papers like these abound. There is a dignity and independence in its direct appeal to the conscience of the Editor Harpers, to assume the public of its necessity and its determination, and which they cannot but feel. It is evidence that it has counted the cost and is ready to meet all consequences.

The New England Washingtonian, published at Boston, one of the oldest and, we believe, the largest of the Temperance papers, also speaks to the point as follows. Truly the spirit of the times and the important questions begins to gain strength and power. The publishers and defenders of such works as "Martin, or the Foundling," and the "Quaker City," and the other immoral works journals of our country do but a tithe of their duty, if they do not lend all their influence to put down the unscrupulous, lewd and soul corrupting publications, known as "Paul De Kock's novels," most of which are written in this country. It is a very singular fact, that the Philadelphia publishers Carosier exclusives in prose that the "Quaker City," and other works of the same sort, are to be considered in the morals of the people. *Rum! poor Constitution!* they are destroying, and the Editor Harpers *are four times not harrowing to the grave of all these* *for the introduction of the bane of purity and* virtue.

"PRESENT ARMS."

The great question of present agitating the fashionable world, is, "which arm should a gentleman present to a lady?" It is expected that the press generally will give their opinion upon this important subject, we unhesitatingly declare that in our opinion the left arm should be presented. The right arm should be engaged, then the only thing *left* for a lady to do is to take the right, because the left is not offered. If there is a man in the world who is going to take the *left* arm, and the *left* one being the right one, you can only confess to the impolite figure of a left handed man. Under no circumstances whatever, we think, the whole matter clear and satisfactory, is that there can be no possible question hereafter, that the left is the right arm, as *right* when the *right* is the *left* one.

SANTA FE.

A gentleman attached to Col. Kearney's expedition says, in a letter from Santa Fe to a hostler in St. Louis — "This is the most miserable country I have ever seen. The houses in the place are built of mud, one story high, and have no flooring. They sleep on the ground, and have neither beds, tables nor chairs. In fact, they borrow in the ground like Prairie dogs."

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

The annual exhibition of manufactures by the Franklin Institute will be held this year, from the 14th to the 31st instant at the Philadelphia Museum. The rooms will be open for the reception of goods on the 10th inst.

POOR MEXICO.

We do not know when we have seen a more forcible illustration, as applied to a nation, of one of our proverbs—the first of which is, "Beware of the man that needs no help—the self-dependent man," than in a late article of the London Times' Monthly Review. Mexico is rich in all that is *materially* but negatively; and gospel truth is in the declaration that the country has been the gift of nature which has not improved and appreciated properly to help itself. It is, after all, nothing more than a continuation of the Spanish character. To him that hath shall be given, but from him that hath not shall be taken away even the little which he seemeth to have.

"As far as the interests of British capitalists who have private investments in Mexico, and so far also as the British commercial interests of the country are concerned, we do not believe that there can be any material benefit to accrue from the possibility of the progress of the American arms in the Mexican territory. No government ever did less to protect foreign enterprise and to encourage foreign trade than that of Mexico. Our capitalists and our merchants have to contend there with all the obstacles belonging to a state of society lapsing into barbarism—personal insecurity, intolerable laws carelessly administered, unwise fiscal restrictions on the precious metals, and a prohibitive tariff. With extraordinary patience these evils have been endured by British and other adventurers in Mexico have done their duty to the government, but the government has done little for them. But what claim has such a government on their gratitude? What claim has it on their support its authority? *They have submitted with patience to every wrong—to every insult; meanly, we are convinced that they have more in hope than in fear from the interference of the British and other* *superior protection which the former would afford to their interests.* Such a protection would be a source of great profit to the *value of land and the trade* of every foreign trader."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

We do not know when we have been more amused than in reading a short criticism upon the last Graham's Magazine, from the pen of Lowell, published by S. Margaret Fuller. After saying that Longfellow, "though imitative is not mechanical," Lowell goes on to say:

"We cannot say as much for Lowell, who, we must declare it, though to the grief of some friends of his acquaintance, is a mere mechanic, both in the true spirit and tone of poesy. His interest in the world around him is that of a man who has not want of vitality in himself; his great facility at verse-making has enabled him to fill the ear with copious stream of pleasant sound. But his verse is unsuggestive; it has *though* no depth, and posterity will not remember him."

We trust that Mr. Lowell will not be too much disheartened by being thus summarily disposed of. To be sure the good lady talks as if she were acting *ex cathedra*, but then we have no doubt that she has not classed him among the high priests of American literature; for instance, with W. E. Channing, whose writings she considers worthy of study thinking, and the work is done. The press has the power if it will but use it. We can, we are, therefore, call upon the whole moral press of the country to speak out—speak out as the papers from which we now proceed to quote have spoken, and rebuke those who have dared to tamper with the youthful virtue and purity of the Republic.

Our first extract is from the North American, of this city, which says, in the course of an article upon the "poet":

One word more. Miss Fuller seems to appreciate that this expression of her opinion, will be received with a smile of pity. We feel it, but endure. Now we do not know how heavily the burden of her critical condemnation may lie upon Mr. Lowell, but we do know that the public, we shall, as the old saying goes, "grin and bear it."

IS THE PRESS FREE?

A correspondent, one of whose remarks we have noticed in another place, also says —

"The Saturday Post, one of the best literary papers in the Union, gives George Lippard and the Quaker City a terrible lashing, for the latter for writing a licentious book entitled 'The Quaker City,' and the latter for puffing it. *The Post is right.*"

The Perry Standard, published at Bloomfield, Pa., says:

"The Saturday Evening Post is engaged in a warfare against the 'Quaker City,' and all similar publications. Certainly the Post and the Monthly Harpers, of New York, a severe but merited rebuke for its entire irreconcilable policy of publishing works whose tendency and influence cannot be otherwise than baneful to a high degree. *We trust the Post will—upon here the sympathy and approbation of all right minded persons in the country.* The Post is *peculiarly* *fortunately* *situated* in your course."

The Wayne County Democrat, a Vermont paper, also avoids its name among the defenders of morality and virtue. It says—

"The Saturday Evening Post contains an appeal to the Editor Harpers, upon their responsibility as the first in influence, for the publication of such works as Martin, the Foundling, by Eugene Sue, &c. A more eloquent, courteous, and at the same time, more unanswerable document it would be hard to hear or hear upon the subject—just the thing for the Post to publish."

We are delighted to see such papers as the Post, the Standard, and the Wayne speak as a family paper—taking the ground it does against the Quaker City literature. Papers like these abound. There is a dignity and independence in its direct appeal to the conscience of the Editor Harpers, to assume the public of its necessity and its determination, and which they cannot but feel. It is evidence that it has counted the cost and is ready to meet all consequences.

The New England Washingtonian, published at Boston, one of the oldest and, we believe, the largest of the Temperance papers, also speaks to the point as follows. Truly the spirit of the times and the important questions begins to gain strength and power. The publishers and defenders of such works as "Martin, or the Foundling," and the "Quaker City," and the other immoral works journals of our country do but a tithe of their duty, if they do not lend all their influence to put down the unscrupulous, lewd and soul corrupting publications, known as "Paul De Kock's novels," most of which are written in this country. It is a very singular fact, that the Philadelphia publishers Carosier exclusives in prose that the "Quaker City," and other works of the same sort, are to be considered in the morals of the people. *Rum! poor Constitution!* they are destroying, and the Editor Harpers *are four times not harrowing to the grave of all these* *for the introduction of the bane of purity and* virtue.

"PRESENT ARMS."

The great question of present agitating the fashionable world, is, "which arm should a gentleman present to a lady?" It is expected that the press generally will give their opinion upon this important subject, we unhesitatingly declare that in our opinion the left arm should be presented. The right arm should be engaged, then the only thing *left* for a lady to do is to take the right, because the left is not offered. If there is a man in the world who is going to take the *left* arm, and the *left* one being the right one, you can only confess to the impolite figure of a left handed man. Under no circumstances whatever, we think, the whole matter clear and satisfactory, is that there can be no possible question hereafter, that the left is the right arm, as *right* when the *right* is the *left* one.

SANTA FE.

A gentleman attached to Col. Kearney's expedition says, in a letter from Santa Fe to a hostler in St. Louis — "This is the most miserable country I have ever seen. The houses in the place are built of mud, one story high, and have no flooring. They sleep on the ground, and have neither beds, tables nor chairs. In fact, they borrow in the ground like Prairie dogs."

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

The annual exhibition of manufactures by the Franklin Institute will be held this year, from the 14th to the 31st instant at the Philadelphia Museum. The rooms will be open for the reception of goods on the 10th inst.

OUR OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

A correspondent at Lowell, Del., says:

"Enclosed I send you the address of my subscription, the last of the year. Many of the persons being rather heavy, I had almost determined to withhold them, but on the eve of the new year; but the office of Canton, which you have justly assumed, induces it to encourage; and I therefore send it, with the hope that it may answer purpose into execution."

No, indeed! not one we think of parting with any of our old friends at this important juncture. In commencing this southern agitated journal pledged ourself, not, to commence with the cost; but we did feel in our inmost heart, that whatever cause might be taken by the immoral or the vicious, should not find a friend and a foe in the steady support of the moral and the pure. The Post has been a success, and we trust it will be, whether the people are prepared to sustain an bold and effective an attack upon the pernicious literature of the day. If they do, it is evident to all that the doom of such publications is sealed. If they do not—but we will not wrong the character of our countrymen, but that is against our will, and expectation. They will sustain us, cheerfully, freely, enthusiastically. The publishers and sellers of the lewd literature, shall never have the satisfaction of seeing our pure flag lowered an inch, because of the bold words of enmity to all licentious publications. The press of the country has done its duty. It shall never be able to shout in triumph over our defeat, and we will not be defeated. We are long past up war thunder; to be sure, but, with its consequencements, it may awaken the drowsy. Meantime to the "still small voice" of duty.

"General Patterson (at the head of five thousand men, including the newly-appointed regulars now off Sleeping into Lachatan—personal insecurity, intolerable laws carelessly administered, unwise fiscal restrictions on the precious metals, and a prohibitive tariff. With extraordinary patience these evils have been endured by British and other adventurers in Mexico have done their duty to the government, but the government has done little for them. But what claim has such a government on their gratitude? What claim has it on their support its authority? *They have submitted with patience to every wrong—to every insult; meanly, we are convinced that they have more in hope than in fear from the interference of the British and other* *superior protection which the former would afford to their interests.* Such a protection would be a source of great profit to the *value of land and the trade* of every foreign trader."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

We do not know when we have been more amused than in reading a short criticism upon the last Graham's Magazine, from the pen of Lowell, published by S. Margaret Fuller. After saying that Longfellow, "though imitative is not mechanical," Lowell goes on to say:

"We cannot say as much for Lowell, who, we must declare it, though to the grief of some friends of his acquaintance, is a mere mechanic, both in the true spirit and tone of poesy. His interest in the world around him is that of a man who has not want of vitality in himself; his great facility at verse-making has enabled him to fill the ear with copious stream of pleasant sound. But his verse is unsuggestive; it has *though* no depth, and posterity will not remember him."

We trust that Mr. Lowell will not be too much disheartened by being thus summarily disposed of. To be sure the good lady talks as if she were acting *ex cathedra*, but then we have no doubt that she has not classed him among the high priests of American literature; for instance, with W. E. Channing, whose writings she considers worthy of study thinking, and the work is done. The press has the power if it will but use it. We can, we are, therefore, call upon the whole moral press of the country to speak out—speak out as the papers from which we now proceed to quote have spoken, and rebuke those who have dared to tamper with the youthful virtue and purity of the Republic.

Our first extract is from the North American, of this city, which says, in the course of an article upon the "poet":

"Within the last fortnight we have seen one man on trial for a homicide committed in a fit of jealousy, and beheld a second arrested for attempting the life of a supposed seducer. These things did not use to be. Men were left to settle their affairs as they pleased, can we wonder to see vice and crime spring up in the midst of a people where the appalling future for if in the infancy of this thing, such ruin is already what will we not behold when it has grown to manhood! In that day divorce will only be more common here than in France; assassination will be an every day affair, and the only truth will be written, as of that place, that one-third of our births are illegitimate!"

The Orange County News, published at Middletown, N. Y., thus speaks out as follows:

"The Saturday Post, one of the best literary papers in the Union, gives George Lippard and the Quaker City a terrible lashing, for the latter for writing a licentious book entitled 'The Quaker City,' and the latter for puffing it. *The Post is right.*"

The Perry Standard, published at Bloomfield, Pa., says:

"The Saturday Evening Post is engaged in a warfare against the 'Quaker City,' and all similar publications. Certainly the Post and the Monthly Harpers, of New York, a severe but merited rebuke for its entire irreconcilable policy of publishing works whose tendency and influence cannot be otherwise than baneful to a high degree. *We trust the Post will—upon here the sympathy and approbation of all right minded persons in the country.* The Post is *peculiarly* *fortunately* *situated* in your course."

The Wayne County Democrat, a Vermont paper, also avoids its name among the defenders of morality and virtue. It says—

"The Saturday Evening Post contains an appeal to the Editor Harpers, upon their responsibility as the first in influence, for the publication of such works as Martin, the Foundling, by Eugene Sue, &c. A more eloquent, courteous, and at the same time, more unanswerable document it would be hard to hear or hear upon the subject—just the thing for the Post to publish."

We are delighted to see such papers as the Post, the Standard, and the Wayne speak as a family paper—taking the ground it does against the Quaker City literature. Papers like these abound. There is a dignity and independence in its direct appeal to the conscience of the Editor Harpers, to assume the public of its necessity and its determination, and which they cannot but feel. It is evidence that it has counted the cost and is ready to meet all consequences.

The New England Washingtonian, published at Boston, one of the oldest and, we believe, the largest of the Temperance papers, also speaks to the point as follows. Truly the spirit of the times and the important questions begins to gain strength and power. The publishers and defenders of such works as "Martin, or the Foundling," and the "Quaker City," and the other immoral works journals of our country do but a tithe of their duty, if they do not lend all their influence to put down the unscrupulous, lewd and soul corrupting publications, known as "Paul De Kock's novels," most of which are written in this country. It is a very singular fact, that the Philadelphia publishers Carosier exclusives in prose that the "Quaker City," and other works of the same sort, are to be considered in the morals of the people. *Rum! poor Constitution!* they are destroying, and the Editor Harpers *are four times not harrowing to the grave of all these* *for the introduction of the bane of purity and* virtue.

"PRESENT ARMS."

The great question of present agitating the fashionable world, is, "which arm should a gentleman present to a lady?" It is expected that the press generally will give their opinion upon this important subject, we unhesitatingly declare that in our opinion the left arm should be presented. The right arm should be engaged, then the only thing *left* for a lady to do is to take the right, because the left is not offered. If there is a man in the world who is going to take the *left* arm, and the *left* one being the right one, you can only confess to the impolite figure of a left handed man. Under no circumstances whatever, we think, the whole matter clear and satisfactory, is that there can be no possible question hereafter, that the left is the right arm, as *right* when the *right* is the *left* one.

SANTA FE.

A gentleman attached to Col. Kearney's expedition says, in a letter from Santa Fe to a hostler in St. Louis — "This is the most miserable country I have ever seen. The houses in the place are built of mud, one story high, and have no flooring. They sleep on the ground, and have neither beds, tables nor chairs. In fact, they borrow in the ground like Prairie dogs."

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

The annual exhibition of manufactures by the Franklin Institute will be held this year, from the 14th to the 31st instant at the Philadelphia Museum. The rooms will be open for the reception of goods on the 10th inst.

FROM WASHINGTON.

A Washington correspondent of the New York Herald, gives the following information —

"There is no doubt that all the available strength of the regular army will be put in the field, and the requisite force for quarter, and boneseta to the number of 10,000 men.

"Advertisements recently made, through the New York Herald and other papers, for recruits for the army, to a fact now well known.

"Let there be a sufficient force of guns and shells were shipped to the Gulf from this city and elsewhere. Let there be a fleet of steamers, to be properly equipped. A delay of offensive operations was occasioned by the want of steamers in the Gulf, a steady support of the mouth and the ports. The Mexicans are not to be underrated as soldiers, and whether the people are prepared to sustain an bold and effective an attack upon the pernicious literature of the day. If they do, it is evident to all that the doom of such publications is sealed. If they do not—but we will not wrong the character of our countrymen, but that is against our will, and expectation. They will sustain us, cheerfully, freely, enthusiastically. The publishers and sellers of the lewd literature, shall never have the satisfaction of seeing our pure flag lowered an inch, because of the bold words of enmity to all licentious publications. The press of the country has done its duty. It shall never be able to shout in triumph over our defeat, and we will not be defeated. We are long past up war thunder; to be sure, but, with its consequencements, it may awaken the drowsy. Meantime to the "still small voice" of duty.

"General Patterson (at the head of five thousand men, including the newly-appointed regulars now off Sleeping into Lachatan—personal insecurity, intolerable laws carelessly administered, unwise fiscal restrictions on the precious metals, and a prohibitive tariff. With extraordinary patience these evils have been endured by British and other adventurers in Mexico have done their duty to the government, but the government has done little for them. But what claim has such a government on their gratitude? What claim has it on their support its authority? *They have submitted with patience to every wrong—to every insult; meanly, we are convinced that they have more in hope than in fear from the interference of the British and other* *superior protection which the former would afford to their interests.* Such a protection would be a source of great profit to the *value of land and the trade* of every foreign trader."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

We do not know when we have been more amused than in reading a short criticism upon the last Graham's Magazine, from the pen of Lowell, published by S. Margaret Fuller. After saying that Longfellow, "though imitative is not mechanical," Lowell goes on to say:

"We cannot say as much for Lowell, who, we must declare it, though to the grief of some friends of his acquaintance, is a mere mechanic, both in the true spirit and tone of poesy. His interest in the world around him is that of a man who has not want of vitality in himself; his great facility at verse-making has enabled him to fill the ear with copious stream of pleasant sound. But his verse is unsuggestive; it has *though* no depth, and posterity will not remember him."

We trust that Mr. Lowell will not be too much disheartened by being thus summarily disposed of. To be sure the good lady talks as if she were acting *ex cathedra*, but then we have no doubt that she has not classed him among the high priests of American literature; for instance, with W. E. Channing, whose writings she considers worthy of study thinking, and the work is done. The press has the power if it will but use it. We can, we are, therefore, call upon the whole moral press of the country to speak out—speak out as the papers from which we now proceed to quote have spoken, and rebuke those who have dared to tamper with the youthful virtue and purity of the Republic.

Our first extract is from the North American, of this city, which says, in the course of an article upon the "poet":

"Within the last fortnight we have seen one man on trial for a homicide committed in a fit of jealousy, and beheld a second arrested for attempting the life of a supposed seducer. These things did not use to be. Men were left to settle their affairs as they pleased, can we wonder to see vice and crime spring up in the midst of a people where the appalling future for if in the infancy of this thing, such ruin is already what will we not behold when it has grown to manhood! In that day divorce will only be more common here than in France; assassination will be an every day affair, and the only truth will be written, as of that place, that one-third of our births are illegitimate!"

The Orange County News, published at Middletown, N. Y., thus speaks out as follows:

"The Saturday Post, one of the best literary papers in the Union, gives George Lippard and the Quaker City a terrible lashing, for the latter for writing a licentious book entitled 'The Quaker City,' and the latter for puffing it. *The Post is right.*"

The Perry Standard, published at Bloomfield, Pa., says:

"The Saturday Evening Post is engaged in a warfare against the 'Quaker City,' and all similar publications. Certainly the Post and the Monthly Harpers, of New York, a severe but merited rebuke for its entire irreconcilable policy of publishing works whose tendency and influence cannot be otherwise than baneful to a high degree. *We trust the Post will—upon here the sympathy and approbation of all right minded persons in the country.* The Post is *peculiarly* *fortunately* *situated* in your course."

The Wayne County Democrat, a Vermont paper, also avoids its name among the defenders of morality and virtue. It says—

"The Saturday Evening Post contains an appeal to the Editor Harpers, upon their responsibility as the first in influence, for the publication of such works as Martin, the Foundling, by Eugene Sue, &c. A more eloquent, courteous, and at the same time, more unanswerable document it would be hard to hear or hear upon the subject—just the thing for the Post to publish."

We are delighted to see such papers as the Post, the Standard, and the Wayne speak as a family paper—taking the ground it does against the Quaker City literature. Papers like these abound. There is a dignity and independence in its direct appeal to the conscience of the Editor Harpers, to assume the public of its necessity and its determination, and which they cannot but feel. It is evidence that it has counted the cost and is ready to meet all consequences.

The New England Washingtonian, published at Boston, one of the oldest and, we believe, the largest of the Temperance papers, also speaks to the point as follows. Truly the spirit of the times and the important questions begins to gain strength and power. The publishers and defenders of such works as "Martin, or the Foundling," and the "Quaker City," and the other immoral works journals of our country do but a tithe of their duty, if they do not lend all their influence to put down the unscrupulous, lewd and soul corrupting publications, known as "Paul De Kock's novels," most of which are written in this country. It is a very singular fact, that the Philadelphia publishers Carosier exclusives in prose that the "Quaker City," and other works of the same sort, are to be considered in the morals of the people. *Rum! poor Constitution!* they are destroying, and the Editor Harpers *are four times not harrowing to the grave of all these* *for the introduction of the bane of purity and* virtue.

"PRESENT ARMS."

The great question of present agitating the fashionable world, is, "which arm should a gentleman present to a lady?" It is expected that the press generally will give their opinion upon this important subject, we unhesitatingly declare that in our opinion the left arm should be presented. The right arm should be engaged, then the only thing *left* for a lady to do is to take the right, because the left is not offered. If there is a man in the world who is going to take the *left* arm, and the *left* one being the right one, you can only confess to the impolite figure of a left handed man. Under no circumstances whatever, we think, the whole matter clear and satisfactory, is that there can be no possible question hereafter, that the left is the right arm, as *right* when the *right* is the *left* one.

SANTA FE.

A gentleman attached to Col. Kearney's expedition says, in a letter from Santa Fe to a hostler in St. Louis — "This is the most miserable country I have ever seen. The houses in the place are built of mud, one story high, and have no flooring. They sleep on the ground, and have neither beds, tables nor chairs. In fact, they borrow in the ground like Prairie dogs."

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

The annual exhibition of manufactures by the Franklin Institute will be held this year, from the 14th to the 31st instant at the Philadelphia Museum. The rooms will be open for the reception of goods on the 10th inst.

LAST YEAR'S PRICES.

We find the following table of the prices of flour, wheat and corn during September, October and November, of last year, in the North American, made up, it is said, from the weekly report of the Philadelphia Commercial List. The prices obtained there for common and good brands of Pennsylvania Flour, fine and prime Pennsylvania red wheat and Pennsylvania yellow corn:

	Flour per bbl.	Pa. red wh.	Pa. yellow corn.
1845, Sept. 13	$5 00@5 12½	1 00@1 02	57@58
20	5 00@5 12½	1 00@1 02	57@58
27	5 00@5 12½	1 00@1 02	57@58
Oct. 4	5 00@5 12½	1 00@1 02	57@58
11	5 00@5 12½	1 00@1 02	58@59
18	5 00@5 12½	1 00@1 02	58@59
25	5 00@5 12½	1 00@1 02	58@59
Nov. 1	5 00@5 12½	1 00@1 02	58@59
8	5 00@5 12½	1 00@1 02	58@59
15	5 00@5 12½	1 00@1 02	58@59
22	5 00@5 12½	1 00@1 02	58@59
29	5 00@5 12½	1 00@1 02	58@59

* Week's sales, 8,000 bushels.
† " " 10,000 "

FORTUNE OF WAR.

"At Fort Leavenworth, a short time since, a sentinel was found challenged a drunken volunteer who was about to cross the line, who, being too drunk to reply, determined to advance, whereupon the sentinel fired and killed him. The deceased belonged to one of the St. Louis companies."

This proves that of a soldier drinks too much, he is in a great danger of "losing his head."

IMPORTANT DECISION.

The New York State Convention for revising the Constitution, after considerable debate, have agreed to submit a proposition to the people to amend the Constitution so as to confer a person's vote, to remain as it is at present, with the exception that no one shall be entitled to vote unless he is the possessor of a freehold of $200. An attempt has been made to introduce the word 'white,' so as to confine the right of voting alone to persons of that color.

Notices of New Works.

NURSERY HOURS, TALES AND FABLES. *Philada. Zieber & Co.* We are sure that the book will please particularly the large class of little people for whose amusement it is intended. Every one of the stories every other leaf a most familiar rhyme making them peculiarly to the taste of the child, and rendered in new appearance equally inviting, all illustrated or amply with natural and spirited engravings as to seem to hold a conversation with the little reader. Such a number, too, will be pleased to have such a copious store of entertaining matter at the ingenuity moreover of easy memory fail to answer her little charge. The very best of publications for children, and we cannot—that there is any thing to children from them unessential, and have no doubt that the sale of this work will be immense, and the many that are altogether now to us have so much the more stamp of picturesqueness and drollery and easy flow of versification, that we are sure they will be welcomed equally well. The book is a novelty in its way, and notwithstanding the number and variety of its cuts, is very cheap.

The value of Cotton in Liverpool on the 15th of September, was estimated at 6½d. for middling qualities, and for inferior descriptions 5½d. to 6d. per lb. The sales of which operations was 10,000 bales. An advance of ½d. per lb. in the price of cotton farthing per lb. was readily paid. Other descriptions were 1 higher.

AVERAGE PRICE OF WHEAT FOR SEVEN WEEKS.

	Wh't	Barley	Oats	Rye	Peas	Beans
August 8	47	30	23	34	34	34
August 15	47	31	23	33	34	34
August 22	47	31	23	33	34	34
August 29	47	31	23	33	34	34
September 5	49	31	23	33	34	34
September 12	49	31	23	33	34	34
Average, week ending Sept. 19	47	32	23	33	34	34
Average, week ending Sept. 26	47	32	23	33	34	34
Increase	1	1	0	0	0	0
Decrease	2	0	0	0	0	0

The IRON TRADE, &c.—From a return ordered by the Commercial Association of Philadelphia, relative to the iron trade. The quantity of foreign iron imported into Great Britain during the year which ended on the 5th of July, 1846, included 140 tons of iron in pigs, and 32,494 tons in bars, making in all 32,634 tons. The quantity of British iron brought in was 416,867 tons, of which 60,000 tons were exported from England. A small portion of this iron was re-exported from England. The chief exports of British iron from the United Kingdom, in the year ending the 5th of July, 1846, were 1,000 tons of iron in pigs, 133,982 tons of bars, 18,250 tons of bolt and rod iron, 1,000 tons of iron wire, 1,000 tons of cast iron, 1,000 tons of iron, generally, &c., 11,750 tons of hoops, 6,463 tons of nails, 1,000 tons of steel, 1,000 tons of tin plates, and 2,000 tons of old iron; in all, 200,000 tons of iron and steel, exclusive of coal. France, Germany, the United States, and the East Indies, are the countries which are our best customers. The quantity of British iron exported to the United States in the year ending with the 5th of January last, was 38,744 tons, and the declared value of the same was £1,000,000. The declared value for the largest quantity the value being £719,354 for 29,000 tons. The quantity exported to the East Indies in the year ending the 5th of January, was 22,000 tons, the declared value of which was £1,000,000. The quantity of iron exported to Germany, during the same period, was 20,000 tons, the declared value of which was £1,000,000. The quantity exported to France was 10,000 tons, the declared value of which was £500,000. The quantity exported to Holland was 10,000 tons, the declared value of which was £500,000. The quantity exported to Belgium was 10,000 tons, the declared value of which was £500,000. The quantity exported to Russia was 10,000 tons, the declared value of which was £500,000. The quantity exported to Sweden was 10,000 tons, the declared value of which was £500,000. The quantity exported to Norway was 10,000 tons, the declared value of which was £500,000. The quantity exported to Denmark was 10,000 tons, the declared value of which was £500,000. The quantity exported to Prussia was 10,000 tons, the declared value of which was £500,000. The quantity exported to Austria was 10,000 tons, the declared value of which was £500,000. The quantity exported to Italy was 10,000 tons, the declared value of which was £500,000. The quantity exported to Spain was 10,000 tons, the declared value of which was £500,000. The quantity exported to Portugal was 10,000 tons, the declared value of which was £500,000. The quantity exported to Greece was 10,000 tons, the declared value of which was £500,000. The quantity exported to Turkey was 10,000 tons, the declared value of which was £500,000. The quantity exported to Egypt was 10,000 tons, the declared value of which was £500,000. The quantity exported to Persia was 10,000 tons,

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas, and the South. [C. Cincinnati, Thursday Sept. 7. [T. Time

Mr. F. JOHNSON, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for JOHN MORRISON, Canada, East and West.

THOS. BOWLES, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Kentucky.

Mr. HERBERT M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Mississippi.

HENRY LEAVER is our Agent for the Southern and South Western States and Florida, particularly at Mobile, Pensacola, Gen. P. H. Sterne, William H. Weir, John B. Hood, Gen. D. Bethune, Wm. Fontaine, and John Call-hoon.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PICKOLL is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. SWIVLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO PUBLISHERS.

The Post Master who has money first exceeding two dollars in current is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the subject, and the amount deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, and the post master is to take the Post Master's name the money is payable.

The Post master will inform the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the persons leaving the same, and the circumstances of the payment for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master General, which report is to be sent to the Publisher.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher.

POST OFFICE, *Malvern, Pa., September 15, 1845.*

Received from John Phelps, Malvern, Chester county, Pa., two hundred dollars, in current money of Pennsylvania, which I have credited on account of the subscription to the United States Saturday Post, for the year 1845.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the above method of remitting money to the Publisher, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Religious Intelligence.

TO BAPTISTS.

The tenth annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Convention for Missionary Purposes will be held in Miesburg, Centre County, on Friday morning, the 3d inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M. The friends of this church will preach the introductory sermon.

A "Mass Convention" of the Baptists at Western Pennsylvania, will be held in the Grant Creek Church Allegheny county, on Wednesday morning, November 5th, at ten o'clock A. M. Rev. Mr. Kendrick will preach the introductory sermon. The following topics are to receive the consideration of the convention

Pastoral Labor, with the Functions of the Ministry generally; the claims of the Pennsylvania Baptist State Convention and Home Missionary, Missionary Education; Bible Operations; Publication Society; and Religious Periodicals.

The object of these Conventions is to stimulate Pastors and Churches to more vigorous and unified exertion to spread the Gospel abroad, to the neglected portions of the general interests of the denomination in Western Pennsylvania. To secure this object, the Conventions have taken special pains to secure the services of celebrated speakers from abroad to advocate the claims of the several benevolent objects mentioned, and to make a permanent impression on the public mind.

Pastors and Churches are invited to be represented by delegates, and their presence is solicited.

New York Episcopal Convention.—By the following vote on Saturday, the convention passed a resolution, directing the trustees of the Episcopal fund to pay to the Bishop the sum of $2,000 annually, from the 1st of October next, for two years, the Bishop giving security to return the same, if more competent authority should decide that he was not entitled to be paid any salary during his said session.

Clerical—Ayes	59	Lay—Ayes	79
" Nays	27	" Nays	44

Archbishop of Oregon.—The Rev. Mr. Blanchet, late rector of the Episcopal Church of the Roman Catholic cathedral at Montreal, last week, he had been nominated at Rome for the Archbishopric of Oregon. His title will be Archbishop of Walla-Walla." Seven dioceses are now formed in Oregon, and provisionally, three prelates superintend over, the Archbishop and two Bishops.

Political Intelligence.

RECENT STATE ELECTIONS.

Now that the returns are fully in of the August elections, the result of the several contests may be interesting. The changes, compared with the last previous elections, are not strongly marked, and in the aggregate, about balance each other. The following summary, prepared by the Journal of Commerce, presents the matter to the reader in a satisfactory form:

"In the Legislature of Arkansas, on joint ballot, the parties stand as three to one, viz. 73 Democrats and 25 Whigs. The Democratic Governor to Congress was elected without opposition.

In Missouri, the Democrats have a large majority in both branches of the Legislature, and also a majority in each of the Congressional districts, so that only two of them did the Whigs bring forward a candidate for Governor; they have elected one, the Democratic policies.

In Illinois the Whigs majority in both branches of the Legislature is quite as large as usual. Governor and Congressmen Democratic.

In Indiana there is an overwhelming Democratic majority in both branches of the Legislature, and the Democratic majority in the next Congress will be about the same as heretofore.

In Ohio, the Whigs have gained the House, which last year was Democratic by 19 majority; and on joint ballot for Senators, which is Democratic in the Senate, which last year, (unknown of the Locofocos,) was a tie. The Democratic majority last year in Congress is 6,517, which is larger than was ever before given in any State election, except in the year of the Presidency. Polk's majority in 1844 was 9,314. Harrison's in 1840, 43,377.

In North Carolina the Whigs have gained the Senate (by 2 votes), which before was a tie, and have lost a few members in the House, though still retaining a majority of 10. They have elected their Governor by 5,715 majority. In 1844, Governor Graham's majority was 6,745; showing a falling off of almost 4,000.

In Vermont there is no choice of Governor by the people but Eaton (Whig) will be chosen by the Legislature, both branches of which are Whig by large majorities, as they were also last year. The Whig majority next June, for Governor, is about 10,000, which is 7,000 greater than it was in 1844.

In Maine there is no choice for Governor, though the Democratic plurality over Whig will be near 9,000. Last year 8,000. The Democratic majority next year will be less than 5,000. The materials are in a minority of between 3,000 and 4,000. This is entirely owing to the Abolitionists withdrawing votes. So far as heard from, the Democratic have gained 4 members of the House of Legislature. Upon the Legislature devolves the choice of Governor.

In Wisconsin the Democrats have prevailed by an immense majority. The Whigs have elected the only eight members of the Congress, out of a list of 40 which voted.

Next week the elections take place in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Rhode Island, for members of Congress as well as of the State Legislature.

Democratic Nominations.—The New York Convention have re-nominated Silas Wright for Governor. He received 112 votes, A. H. Parker, 1, and S. Hedges, 3. Silas Wright declined, and Parker was also nominated for Lieutenant Governor, by acclamation.

Hon. John Quincy Adams and Amos Abbott, have been re-nominated for Congress by the Whigs of the 8th and 24 Districts of Massachusetts. The vote unanimously.

The Native party of Massachusetts has nominated Erastus Hopkins for Governor, and Charles W. Moore for Lieut. Governor.

J. F. Hudson and Cornelius L. Allen are the Democratic candidates for Canal Commissioners in New York.

The New York State Convention at Albany, for amending the Constitution, has adjourned.

BALTIMORE ELECTION.

The following returns of the election in the above city show that it has been an exceedingly close contest.

For Sheriff, Keyser (Whig)	7430
" Tatnall, (Dem.)	7407
Majority,	23

LEGISLATURE.

Whig.		Democrat.	
Kennedy,	7429	Cox,	7418
Kelso,	7425	Gaither,	7425
Hall,	7425	Hall,	7407
Bailey,	7395	Bateman,	7395
Hall,	7395	Sellman,	7395

Kennedy and Patterson (Whigs) and Cox, Bengham, Wear, (Democrats) elected.

The Whigs are in high spirits at the result of the contest in the city, and it will indeed both justice to use additional exertions in the Democratic party to carry the election.

Cincinnati Riot.—There is always something new under the sun. The citizens of Yazoo, Mississippi, have determined to make a channel through over the valley swamp at that place. Sixty hands cutting timber will be soon and spread the coal over three miles in thirty days, the embankments being already.

Man Eater Sickening.—The Cincinnati Chronicle says that the receipts on the Mad River Rail. road are already at the rate of eighty thousand dollars per annum. The receipts of the Little Miami road and the Mad River together, are now, in their unencumbered state, two hundred thousand dollars per annum.

E.T. A cataract has been discovered on the river St. Louis, where it falls over a ledge of rocks into the of Lake Superior, which has never been described by any geographer. It is said to be only second to Niagara. The volume of water is very great, and the perpendicular height of the fall one hundred and fifty feet.

Jewish Fermentation.—The Grand Lodge of the Freemasons of England has unanimously decided upon closing all connection with the Freemasons. Grand Lodge of Germany, because the Jewish race has been withdrawn, in consequence of the Prussians having refused to admit Jews to the masonic mysteries.

E.T. The ship Massachusetts and barque Edith, both propellers, of Boston, have been purchased by the U. S. Government, for the better of $10,000 and the latter at $17,000, less than their first cost when ready for sea.

Alpaca.—A flock of Alpacha sheep have been imported, and are now grazing in Berkshire, Mass. They will be found, it is said, more profitable than the merino, and will bear heavier fleece, yet are more delicate and require a mild climate.

Trade of Iran with the Levant.—The new Persia is arranging a series of commercial treaties with the Ottoman Porte, with the view of promoting the trade of Italy with the Levant. He is exhibiting great business energy.

Wanton Mischief.—Some scoundrel cut the telegraph wires between Albany and Rochester on Wednesday week, and took out 400 feet of wire. This is the second time wires have been cut in the most perverse manner.

Iron Ore.—One of the most valuable beds of iron ore of extensive New York, has rendered a public service to this distinguished gentleman, to take place on the 10th inst., at the New York Hotel.

Modern Pyramids.—The newspapers in Buffalo brief their notice with the following announcement —"Received by lightning, printed by steam." This is indeed the "go-ahead" age.

E.T. Thirteen.—Can we learn that this gentleman is about to become connected with the New York Tribune, as its literary editor.

E.T. Temperism, the moralist, is about to return to Europe in the Great Western.

Statistical.

Statistics of Our Fellowship.—Among the documents of the Grand Lodge of the United States, there is a report of the number of lodges, members, &c. last week, there are a number of interesting tables, from which we select the following, giving the situation, number of lodges, and the subordinate Lodges for the year ending June 30, 1846:

Lodges.	Whole No. of Lodges.	Lodges Reported.	Lodges not Reported.	Total Number of Members.
Maryland	74	1,331	$31,683 08	15,977
Massachu'ts	114	3,908	164 596 27	10,513 29
Rhode Island	21	1,000	197 60	1,000
Connecticut	28	1,017	27,902 11	1,000
Pennsylvania	181	6,617	25,902 11	6,000
Delaware	5	169	3,736 42	169
Ohio	75	2,500	1,000 00	2,500
New York	49	1,634	24,510 00	1,634
New Jersey	40	1,600	16,000 00	1,600
Kentucky	31	1,000	10,000 00	1,000
Virginia	31	1,000	12,000 00	1,000
Tennessee	15	500	13,000 00	500
Mississippi	15	500	7,000 00	500
Louisiana	15	500	7,000 00	500
Illinois	31	1,000	7,000 00	1,000
Missouri	31	1,000	14,000 00	1,000
Alabama	31	1,000	14,000 00	1,000
Tennessee	15	500	7,000 00	500
Georgia	15	500	7,000 00	500
Florida	15	473	7,022 54	1,007 77
Arkansas	2			64 70
Michigan	12	170		2,000 00
Iowa	6	92		1,340 00
Texas	3	60		1,000 00
Vermont	5	135		1,671 52
Total	924	32,326	$ 508,459 61	119,517 08

The column in the above table, showing the total amount of relief afforded by each State during the year, (showing a grand total of $127,117,) is composed of $114,347 "paid for the relief of 11,745 distressed brothers; $15,686 12, paid for the relief of 1,611 widows families of deceased brothers; $1,083 25, for the education of the orphans of deceased brothers, and $102 50, paid for the relief of 11 brothers in 180 members who had died within the current year.

E.T. The Boston Transcript states that there was recently paid by the banks of that city, $600,000 in specie, and upon a specie basis. One million is the highest dividend was paid by the Boston Bank (1 per cent.) Fourteen banks declared 3 per cent. and 20 others (1) and 4 per cent.

Colored Slaves.—The National Anti Slavery standard estimates the number of colored persons in our navigation service at 6,000 raised. Living 2,000; interest navigation, 3,000. Total, 15,000.

The Cotton Crop.—The cotton crop of the South, according to a computation in the New Orleans Price Current, is 1,078,445 bales for 1845-6, against 2,394,503 bales for 1844-5.

Casualties.

Fire in St Louis.—A great destructive fire took place at St. Louis last week, in the lumber warehouse, occupied principally by Mr. G. W. Call, who threw himself from the window. The office loses about $12,000. The building was insured. The whole loss is estimated at $100,000, by the falling of a wall the William Toll Tavern was badly injured, and a looker-on slightly wounded.

E.T. A little girl, the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Killen, on Longworth street, Cincinnati, fell out of an attic window of a house some weeks ago, and was killed.

Mahany Fortune.—The celebrated Nailer's Estate, J. Mahan, No. 311 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, has been left to the heirs of Gen. Pinckney, Paris and Philadelphia. In consequence of the recent decease of Mrs. Mahan, intending investors, especially those who have been waiting for the sale of the real estate, are respectfully requested to call at the office of the undersigned, and examine portion of the property, which will be offered for sale at private sale, on the following terms, viz: One fourth cash, and the balance in one, two, three, four and five years, with interest, secured by mortgage on the property.

Residence, No. 311 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Office, No. 311 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Married, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Thomas Sharpless to Miss Catharine W. Scott, all of this city.

Died

Selected Poetry.

LETTER FROM MISS S. TO HER NIECE, KATE S.

BY T. S.

And are you then caught, my dear Kitty?
Two—always confined to the house?
And by a young spark from the City?
What unfortunate creatures we are!
I mould out, my letter, with shame you,
The opposite color to adore!
Ah, nonsense, my dear, overcome you?
"The hand to resist, I will leave"

Tut, if not too late to recover,
Think, yes you forever do ride,
How much better to forbid a lover,
Than wish you had not worn a bride!
No more in good or provocation,
To take my advice in good part;
If he's one of the (O for) I mention,
Dismiss him at once from your heart.

If he gives a lesser toss to his penance;
If his compliments prove him untrue;
If he's always at war with the fashions;
If eager for everything's new;
If he lies in bed late of a morning;
If he mixes pet eloquence with his;
If he's free in his manners, or forming;
If he likes talking tomorrow to-day.

If he's extremely joking and teasing;
If he's touchy, and tears taken offence;
If he won't pay his bills without dunning,
And always takes all the odd pence.
If he wears a false nose around;
If he's anxious his stuffing to hide;
If he sports a particular hat;
If he rides it the least bit on one side.

If you've caught him out talking at routine;
If he runs, "Have my aunt?" or "My niece?"
If you've hinted of his driving a modern;
If addicted to an ill or vigour;
(Oh, that terrible habit of smoking,
Of his confidence absolutely ruined),
So often with drinking and joking,
Unreasonable, drunken, and cruel?)

If he's rude to his father or mother;
If he slobbers he never unbends;
If he's not an (Oliver Twist and Georgeon)
If exercises in choosing his friends;
If he's never known every thing's right;
If he thinks weight of words is a song;
If so close he will never be beaten,
For it requires some himself wrong.

If he carries a spy glass or glasses;
If a little thing makes him complain;
If he thinks mind when breakfast is ready;
If he's often too late for the meal.
If he's not a good hand at a story;
If a promise he fails to fulfil;
If he calls against all the physicians,
And doctors himself when he's ill.

None girls seem to think, my dear Kitty,
That matrimony will cure every ill;
But never foresee (more's the pity)
The trials they'll have to endure.
My counsel I offer you gratis,
Pass not to be single for life;
For surely single misery's worse
Than that of a fourfaire wife.

For the Ladies.

HINTS FOR WIVES.

FROM THE UNITED STATES GAZETTE

"Obedience is a very small part of conjugal duty, and, in most cases, easily performed. Much of the comfort of a married life depends upon the lady; a great deal more, perhaps, than she is aware of. She scarcely knows her own influence, how much the way she is addressed—often much by example by—how much by unremitted kindness and little attention. To acquire and retain such influence, she must, however, make her conjugal duties her first object. She must not think that anything will do for her husband—that any wine is good enough for her husband—that it is not worth while to be agreeable when there is only her husband by that she may close her piano, or lay aside her brush, for why should she play or paint merely for a person her husband!—No—she must consider all these little acts of pleasing, chiefly valuable as her unremitted—means of perpetuating her attractions, and giving permanence to his affection—she must remember that the duty commences not so much in great and solitary acts—in display of the sublime virtues to which she will only be occasionally call-ed; but in little acts—a cheerful smile, or a manly attention naturally rendered, and proceeding from a heart full of kindness, and a temper full of amiability."

In looking over a late paper, I meet with the above remarks based on the theory of love to husbands, pointing out the mode in which they were to secure, to the husband, the chrsatic devotion which they characterized the feeling. The most infallible specific, or the one most strongly insisted upon in rules of this kind, is a "smiling countenance." No matter what a wife's annoyances may have been during the day, her countenance must be always wreathed in smiles on the approach of her husband.

Being one of those fortunate individuals, who have hitherto escaped the snare; I have had leisure to give to those subjects that profound reflection which characterizes those situated like myself.

"For if there's something at which I shine
'Tis in arranging all lovers' affairs.
Not having of my own domestic cares."

It has often occurred to me, therefore, that it was rather unjust that all this good advice should always come from one side. How is it that there are so few guide posts to point the way to unmarried young gentlemen. Who have recently changed their neck to "the cocoa and the halter?" Why is it not oftener insisted upon, that the husband should always return to his female with a smile, and a desire to soothe the perturbed spirit, that has too lately been subjected to the flowered annoyances of the nursery and the kitchen?

There is many an unfortunate Mrs. Rogers sitting my acquaintance with "sour small children and one at the breast," who need all the soothing tenderness not bestowed by the lover, to enable them to forget that husbands are nothing in the world—by the way it just sometimes occurred to me what they it was not Mrs. Rogers who was the nearly hanged Gen? A most fortunate individual to be sure as well "out of the scrape," with being only obliged to make adequate provision for the lifting these ten small mouths, and the clothing them in the same to one.

Compare for a moment the lot of Husband and Wife, in what is called a "well regulated family," the former takes his seat at the breakfast table, whom his taste and comfort has been silently consulted, as far as is practicable—on his wife devolves the care of preparing the "nine small children" to take their seats there also, and at some degree of regularity their conduct. Breakfast ended, the husband goes forth to his workshop, his counting, his counting house, or his office, greets pleasantly his acquaintances by the way, and passes the day among the ever varying scenes that every day has now life. The wife, meanwhile, amid incessant clamor, must ensure the treadmill task of yesterday—that wash the dishes, pickle the cucumbers, sweep the same rooms, must give directions for the interesting meals, and perhaps assist in preparing them, must settle disputes in the kitchen, and quarrels among the nine fallen little sons and daughters of Mr. Slow—and end all there over patience must find occasional moments to "stitch—stitch—stitch" the innumerable garments needed in a family.

Let her look to it, according to the regular and oft reiterated advice above alluded to, that she gets through all this, or time be before her husband and raw-worn visage in those "wreathed smiles" so indispensable toward securing the good humor of her large lord. He too has had troubles to encounter, for from trouble no one is exempt—but not of that petty harassing kind any wonder may sweep the spirits and the life of the partner he has chosen.

Night comes—the husband finds the repose so much needed, to enable him to meet the unremitable cares of to-morrow, and sleeps as quietly as "the babes in the wood," while the wife stands at the slightest noise, to minister to the comfort of the sudden disturber of the husband's rest and the crib, all of whom are rose to be sent at the earliest dawn, and demanding the immediate care of the mother, who knows many not unreclaimed, appear to go through the same routine—truly she should smile! whether she always can, is a debatable question. I insist, therefore, that the husband should have a full share of the advice so lavishly bestowed on the wife.

Until a better state of things can be brought about, I am firmly resolved to continue

AN OLD MAID.

"A Terrible Love.—I enjoyed the pleasure this morning of being introduced to a very handsome Turkish lady, in order to give me an opportunity of witnessing a perfect specimen of Turkish beauty. After a good deal of persuasion, she allowed me to copy her profile. Her eyes and eyelashes were intensely black, though I suspect the latter were the result of a deeper dye than the natural one; her complexion was beautifully fair, with the perfect tint of carnation suffused over her cheek; her lips, even lips! that make us sigh even to have seen with—they glowed here, which was bound with a bobbiner or painted handkerchief representing a whole pastures of flowers, fell in large curls upon her shoulders and down her back. She wore a short black velvet jacket, embroidered with gold lace; trowsers of blue silk, so under jacket of pink crape, and one of those transparent shirts which half reveal the charms it has would hide. A magnificent Persian shawl encircled her waist, which had entered even form, never having been compressed by the cruel bandages of stays. Her feet were in slippers and toes on those ugly rags dedicated her white and slender fingers—the nails of which were dyed with henna. Around her neck she wore a double row of pearls, from which hung a cameo. Her skin was very white and beautiful—the constant use of the dry vapor bath having reduced it to a fine tone which I can only compare to highly polished marble, and it looked as glossy and as cold. She was well pleased with the drawing I made, and on rising to go away, she put on her yellow boots over the beautiful white feet and ankle which it was a sin to conceal, covering her ruthless a pair cloak, she bade us adieu with a grace and elegance which few English ladies could equal."

A Fellah or Farmer.—Every one must remember, in the Scripture narrative, not only the patriarchal luxuriance, but the peculiar color of the hair, of every golden tint, from a rich full sheen of auburn to a sort of yellow ochre, or rather not flaxen, but like raw silk, such as we have seen the peasants in Lombardy carrying over their arms or on their heads, in neat, shining, braided hanks. We have sometimes heard it asked whether these pale golden manners of hair, the true "feminine" tint, could have been always natural? In the country, it was oftener artificial—the color, not the hair. In the days of the elder Julius and Georgiana, yellow hair was the fashion, and the paler the tint the more admired. The women had a method of discharging the natural color by first washing their tresses in some chemical preparation, and then exposing them to the sun. I have seen a curious old Venetian print, perhaps satirical, which represents this process. A lady is seated on the roof, or balcony, of her house, wearing a sort of broad-brim, and her attendant is combing the long hair as drawn over those wide brims, and spread out in the sunshine, while the face is completely shaded. Here they continued to escape a brass fever, or a sunstroke, and it is wonder,—and truly of all the malicious freaks of fashion and custom—I know none more strange than this, unless it be the contrivance of the women of Antigua, to obtain a new natural complexion.—Rev. Fortune's Romance and Travel.

Woman's Influence.—Amid the storm of politics and war one great side which agitates our national counsels, it is refreshing to encounter one of those incidents of woman's influence in the legislative halls, which displays her goodness, and cast over the sea of contention, clouded by the spirit of opposition, a glimpse of sunlight. It will be remembered by those who have perused Capt. Fremont's reports, that Alexis Apet, a voyageur, received, while at the Captain's service, a severe wound. Mrs. Fremont, on hearing the fact, wrote out a petition for Congress, praying for a pension of $10 per month for him during life, and by her personal influence succeeded in having the bill passed; then, angel like, spending a protecting wing over the form of voyageur—binding up his wounds and shielding him from future want! The gentle wife of Fremont has by this act of kindness shown how closely love in her remembrance those who share her husband's hardships and perils, and has written she knows, in no new language the touching lines which of the fair sex, will have devoted hearts in every comrade who accompanies him, when they know that woman's sympathies watch over their welfare. We reproduce the affections of their peerless march.—Ex.

Choice Selections.

THE DUKE AND THE OPERA.

The hero of Waterloo is one of the most constant denizens of the Opera. Can life present a greater contrast than that exhibited by the noble aspect, his white hairs, the glorious recollections that surround his name, to the bivouacs of fantasies and follies? Can he stand the contrast of his former self like more regardfully than in gazing on scenes in which he can have no interest, in listening to sounds to which he is indifferent? Yet the old man can there be between the labors of his war job, the nails of his campaigns, the hazards of his many conquests, and the exalted graces of Taglioni, the meretricious allurements of Cerito? Nage, not at 70. Before every Opera a fine picture is made than Wellington caged on his opera-box, listening happily some stint shell in hearing, to the hoarse bawling of Fornasari? Does he go there to sleep and so well "out of the scrape," with being only obliged to make adequate provision for the lifting these ten small mouths, and the clothing them in the same to one.

Compare for a moment the lot of Husband and Wife, in what is called a "well regulated family," the former takes his seat at the breakfast table, whom his taste and comfort has been silently consulted, as far as is practicable—on his wife devolves the care of preparing the "nine small children" to take their seats there also, and at some degree of regularity their conduct. Breakfast ended, the husband goes forth to his workshop, his counting, his counting house, or his office, greets pleasantly his acquaintances by the way, and passes the day among the ever varying scenes that every day has now life. The wife, meanwhile, amid incessant clamor, must ensure the treadmill task of yesterday—that wash the dishes, pickle the cucumbers, sweep the same rooms, must give directions for the interesting meals, and perhaps assist in preparing them, must settle disputes in the kitchen, and quarrels among the nine fallen little sons and daughters of Mr. Slow—and end all there over patience must find occasional moments to "stitch—stitch—stitch" the innumerable garments needed in a family.

Let her look to it, according to the regular and oft reiterated advice above alluded to, that she gets through all this, or time be before her husband and raw-worn visage in those "wreathed smiles" so indispensable toward securing the good humor of her large lord. He too has had troubles to encounter, for from trouble no one is exempt—but not of that petty harassing kind any wonder may sweep the spirits and the life of the partner he has chosen.

Night comes—the husband finds the repose so much needed, to enable him to meet the unremitable cares of to-morrow, and sleeps as quietly as "the babes in the wood," while the wife stands at the slightest noise, to minister to the comfort of the sudden disturber of the husband's rest and the crib, all of whom are rose to be sent at the earliest dawn, and demanding the immediate care of the mother, who knows many not unreclaimed, appear to go through the same routine—truly she should smile! whether she always can, is a debatable question. I insist, therefore, that the husband should have a full share of the advice so lavishly bestowed on the wife.

Until a better state of things can be brought about, I am firmly resolved to continue

AN OLD MAID.

would ever have lost all his individuality, all his vehemence of feeling, even all his ardent desire for renown. His Waterloo he could never have won what Wellington is now.

If it be glorious for man to throw off all the weaknesses and failings of his nature, and to appear as the embodiment of abstract quality, the hero of Waterloo—apart from his military fame—has attained a proud title to distinction. In the world, as in his martial career, he appears unaffected by the weaknesses of humanity, the representative of the best principles of social life.—Satty.

MOMENTS OF FEAR.

We find going the rounds of the press, without knowing its origin, the following interesting statement of historical facts.

"Bonaparte last four mid-de-camps during the short time that he was in Egypt. One of them, Croisier, appointed by Napoleon to tuck the proper degree of boldness at the proper moment, he burst unflinchingly him in one of his violent and humiliating attacks of abuse and contempt. The word "coward!" escaped him. Croisier determined not to survive it, he sought death on several occasions, but did not succeed till the siege of Acre. He was in attendance on Napoleon in the trenches, there, when such a sharp look out was kept by the garrison that if an elbow or feather showed itself above or beside the parapet it was instantly pierced by a bullet. Croisier watched his opportunity and jumped upon the platform. "Come down, I command you," cried Napoleon, and at the voice of his master, he—the victim of his severity fell at his feet. Moral the chivalrous bravery of all dangers had also his seasons of cowardice! Sad! which had the cause—the instance of his ground, until displeasure could no longer cause the brilliancy of his courage? Sad! was at the siege of Mantua, on the four Italian campaign, that Murat was ordered to charge a body of troops that were advancing on the position he occupied. He hesitated, and in his confusion declared himself wounded; he was removed from the presence of the enemy, and was not again commissioned; in Egypt he was sent on the most distant and dangerous services; in short, he more than recompensed his character by the valor of Aboukir, on the field of battle, he was appointed to the high rank he declare he was regret. The brave Marshal Lannes was the only captain who ever ventured to tell the emperor the truth, and was rewarded by a severe punishment. "That man," said he, "will never be a soldier, who pretends that he never felt fear."

In reading an article in the last Quarterly Review, we have been struck with the truth of an incident which is related of Sir Hugh Gough, the intrepid commander of the British forces in the desperate battles of Ferozeshah. The battle was fought on the 21st of Dec., charged upon the fortified Sikh camp, under the incessant fire of well served and deadly superior artillery, and night coming on, the army slept upon its arms, exhausted by the conquests, and partly without the next day the terrible battle of the Sutlej Sobraon was renewed, and the British line swept the camp, and drew up in order on the opposite bank. But the perils of the day were not yet over; a fresh army of 20,000 Sikhs advanced from Ferozepore. The British army was almost entirely disabled, and in its disastrous hours and fatigue, and was really unable to retain a well directed assault! It was then that the veteran commander gave way to a "moment of fear"—not the fear, however, of personal danger, but that sinking of the heart which the bravest general must feel at the consciousness of incapacity to save his army.

"I can only have I felt a doubt," he writes, "was towards the evening of the 22d, when the fresh enemy advanced with heavy columns of infantry, and cannon, and our exhausted troops were so thoroughly done up that they could not command even a rest. For a moment, then, I felt regret, and I deeply deplore my weakness on such occasion. How who never failed me or forsook me) as each passing day of me as forsaken!, but it was only for a moment."

We may well believe this is not idle language, when we read of the confidence he has since felt in that same battle, on the morning of the 10th, when the fortune of the day was in imminent doubt. The incident is thus related by the same writer:

"The Commander-in-Chief seeing a part of his line reel and stagger under the fire, belonged him that if he could dismount a portion of the cannon to the rear movements to another point, the crisis would be passed. He forthwith rode forward, attended by a single aide-de-camp, and having well promiently conspicuous to the Sikh gunners, waved slowly to one side as if for the purpose of reconnoitering their entrenchments close at hand: in an instant, almost every gun in the battery was turned against him. The shot plunged up and all out about him, so well so nigh to hide both him and his horse from the enemy's view: yet no one took notice, and so complete was the diversion in favor of infantry left as it relieved, and with a shout sprang forward. The next instant saw the redoubt in the hands of the artillery: it contained in their power."

Upon a fortunate demonstration of the British cavalry on the evening of the 21st, a panic seized the advancing Sikhs, and they fled from the field, abandoning their camp to the victorious enemy. It was probably in their power to gain the victory.

BIBLE READING OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS.

Lord Kenyon, who endeavored her rather better than the proper, closed one of his charges in a jury as follows: "Finally, gentlemen, I would call your attention to the example of the Roman Emperor Titus, who, when he discovered that he had passed a day without doing any thing of consequence, used to say, 'I have lost a day.'"

Sad we need not learn one country for similar examples. Among our legislators we find Mr. Hogg, a member of Congress from Illinois, who, in the course of debate, quoting the following lines as coming from the Bible.

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

And Col. Benton in the Senate spoke of our by whom as the planet Venus, he was the bright star and of the devils taking possession of the senate who can zealously into the sea and punished. Then more than half a State legislature, of which he was a member, addressed a circular to their constituents:

"We hope the reader see have not been deceived, we have given, we believe, the true reading. We hope you will say to us, as Nathan said to David, 'Thou art the man,' and heartily repent."

Mr. Speaker, a member of a legislative body, earnestly opposing a measure before the House. Mr. Speaker, I do not know exactly how it came in the stream of time and Marie. He has no choice. He is the grand restaurant of the existence. It kept him on the Peninsula, when contending with his weighty foe, he was attacked at home with all the virulence of faction, and he was taken base to courts and sprung. But it require him to be fattened in Damien's hall, he would obey all his masters without a murmur.

It is now his duty to beat his part on civil life—to lead the front of his presence in his borough's corset—to share her in conversation with an interest in her priorities. But's to her have a magical word, the excitement of his existence, he has learned not for sale a thousand times, it appears, changed the and to show his devotion to it.

The same fact is true, as it was, he is never ill never waiting, he is never too early or too late. With what a contemptible feeling must he look upon the idle or pleasure, he is always at his post, thing whether on going from the domestic to the quarter or the court, and there are few days in a year he is appointed to command once again in the Peninsula.

Then the Queen indulges her fancy with some palace masquing, the duke, in the exact costume prescribed, with powdered powder, with amaranthine flowers and amaranth, or the last fashion in dress. If there is a curious excitement, he receives the pictures as though he really took an interest in all the slightest details of dress presented to his view. He knows none of the Egyptian Hall exhibitions—none, we dress, the implements in society calls him to notice. It it his part not to disconcert the fair ones in all its exaltation when consigned. He makes a present to York Road he stands his appointed at the cupboards. If he is at the Opera Buffa, and the tenor bought, he is at the Royal Chapel, St. James's, early on Sunday morning. Hearing or he is not? Why, when he wears the look that the used to wear! And I love that child in my unhelpful dresses. For the mother's blood that through it streams. And space that knew it long ago. Since it long may flame it! and vivid words!

Who a sheet of light and a joy so wild
As the leaping feet of the mountain child.

"I'm a precious jewel—for sweep:
Though I cannot recall to look to-day—
I know that its eyes like my Mary's are,
When she wears the look that she used to wear!
And I love that child in my unhelpful dresses.
For the mother's blood that through it streams.
And space that knew it long ago. Since it long may flame it!"

Conundrum.—Why is the letter D like a ring? said a young lady to her accepted, one day.

The gentleman has the presumption of take one to such a situation, was so dull as a hammer. "Because," added the lady, with a coy modest look at the picture at the other end of the room, "because I can't be red without it."

A Young Spark.—A young man of Nuremberg (says the journal of that city) who had no fortune, expended a large, a fourth part of his, in consecrated him to a family, where he was a daily visitor, and where there was a handsome daughter of the house. The lover began to court the lawyer agreed; but the father of the young lady, who loved money, immediately asked what property the young man had. The lawyer said he did not exactly know, but he would inquire.

The next time he saw his young friend he asked him if he had any property at all.

"No," replied he.

"Well," said the lawyer, "would you suffer any one to cut off your ears if he would give you twenty thousand dollars for it?"

"To sell," replied the lawyer, "I had a reason for selling."

The next time he saw the gild's father, he said, "I have inquired about the young man's circumstances, and find that he has indeed no money, but has a jewel for which, to my knowledge, he has been offered and he refused, twenty thousand dollars."

This induced the old father to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place; though it is said that in the night of the entire shook his head when he thought of the jewel.

Capitalizing Punishment.—A punishment complained to his patient, that he was unable to get from the pulpit, and that he must purchase one nearer.

"Why?" asked the patient, "can't you hear distinctly?"

"Oh, yes, I can hear well enough.

"Can't you see plainly?"

"Oh, yes, I can see pointedly well."

"Well, then, what can be the trouble?"

"Why, there are so many in front of me, who catch what you say first, that by the time you reach me, you are too tired or all so dull to listen."

A Wise Father.—One of our exchanges tells a story of an editor one wet, who wished to marry a farmer let his neighborhood, and take an honest husband to consent of his father. Of course the old man, as every prudent papa should do, inquired how much money he could bring the bride. The editor said he hadn't got any money, but he could give a puff in his paper. The father was satisfied.

Lay Beside.—Get up, husband," said a lady to her lazy lord, the other morning, "daylight is burning!" "Let it burn!" said he, "it don't cost me anything."

E. P." "It is very curious," said an old gentleman a few days since, "that a man who is a fool should be perfectly dry, when it has a running spring in his head."

Culinary Department

RECEIPTS.

Potato Juice.—The residuum with which a good sized basin full of thick jelly may be procured from a single moderate sized potato, is a fact well worth knowing. I have several times repeated the experiment, and find that it does not require more than half an hour's grating. Grate a few potato into a basin full of more excellent jelly which has only to be strained with a little sugar, lemon and white wine, to make a most delicious potato. As the potato has little to recommend it, but its cheapness, and the whole from infection or contagion, on the occurrences of recent invention.

It is a matter of fact to grate the potatoes of charcoal when properly applied as an infusion.—It absorbs from the seed (which make exacting circumstances, as it is) and is not, as many suppose, a drug to be used, or, where procured in Europe) that some moisture already round, and instantly converting the whole into a paste which, when mixed and treated with pastry upon the ground, yielding a most delicious and nutritious food, which so long exist, have been pleased by so humble an individual to myself.

It is not right to add, that good charcoal can be had to any extent from the bags of Ireland, at a very low price, and therefore the value as a manure generally will be found of the highest consideration.

J. W. Bridge, C. I.

Black Lead (Jas.) Eugene.

FOOT ROT IN SHEEP.

Some interesting facts relative to this formidable and destructive disease have been communicated to us by Humphrey Howland, for a long period, and whose long and extensive experience on the management of sheep, entitles his opinions to great weight. He has applied a remedy which, if it does only eradicate the disease certainly known to him, will be a very extensive benefit to the community. He has used the remedy in more than 1,000 cases, and for the second season, during which time, the not one case has returned. Other flocks in the neighborhood, to which this remedy has been applied, are as badly affected as ever.

The remedy consists in mixing three sulphur with the salt given to the sheep, in a proportion just sufficient to discolor slightly the salt, or about one teaspoonful per. They are regularly and constantly fed with this mixture the season through.

The disease being considered allied to the itch, the sulphur mixed with oil was also applied to the backs of the sheep immediately after shearing, and whatever effect this mixture may have had upon the rot, the disease was found to have increased the weight of wool about a quarter to half a pound per head. The practice of applying only substances rationally to sheep, and the beneficial results, have been elsewhere known, and this experiment further establishes the advantage.

The cost of these materials for large flocks may be reduced by purchasing in quantity in New York city. Flour sulphur is often retailed at twelve and a half cents per pound; in the city it costs three dollars per hundred, and fifty cents additional, as freight brings it to only three and a half cents per pound. Last spring we put oil into our mixture as experiments; but trials all, as all of the true whole, is only about thirty-two cents per gallon in New York, if bought by the barrel, or $10 per barrel; this would be enough for two thousand head of sheep, or half a cent per head; the sulphur mixed and the labor of application would be about two cents per head.

It is of great importance not to draw hasty conclusions; but the above remedy, it is believed, if not totally removing the rot, which longer trial may accomplish, will certainly be of the highest benefit in lessening its formidable nature.—Albany Cul.

DISEASED POTATOES.

[The following remedies from Mr. Hersgath, a distinguished chemist, are worthy of notice:]

"My attention has been given to the disease which has shown itself so extensively among the growing potatoes. I find, in almost every instance, that the epidermis of the stalk below the surface of the ground, is more or less in a state of decay, often disintegrated, and completely rotten; the leaves and branches accord with the state of that part of the stalk below the ground. The tuber, beneath the outer skin, is first spotted brown, (like a bruised apple;) these spots extend and penetrate inwards to the core, and soften pass are altered.

The tubers are not at all affected, while the upper ones are useless. I should, therefore, expect that the longer the crop remains in the land, the greater the injury will be. It seems, from the microscopic appearances, that the starch escapes injury for a long time after the skin and cellular parts are gone, and as the whole of the nutritive powers of the potato reside in the starch, I should recommend that wherever the disease has shown itself to any extent, the crop should be dug, whether ripe or not, and the starch extracted by the process of water, and well agitate and rub the pulp with the hands; all the starch or feculæ will, from its great weight, fall to the bottom, while the skin and fibrous matter will be carried away by the water, wash the starch with one or two fresh quantities of water, and dry; starch, when pure, never alters are the tempted breaking.

Prodigal content; self-delusion.

Poverty, misery; what is the matter?

There is a rail and onto every pain!

Prodigal, prodigal, by to morrow's light

The ragged hounds and the pauper's pall,

And on their bones the dirty night

Without a fear or a human sigh.

Then's gone, gone life and on fever wire!

Do let her in calm oblivion lie,

While the world sees more as heretofore.

[Extract.]

He who yon lordly feast enjoyeth,
He who dines more than his need,
He it was, who threw the forsaken
Crumbs from the table of the wedding bread.

Lazy, betrayer, false at end,
What is the doom for he deserved on?
He pours the cup, he hath formed they shoe him?—
Usher you palace and gone within!

There—yet he deeds are all amongst encaded,
There, upon silent and cold,
Maidens at his as the remnant morning,
Weeping for him from the sparkling wine.

Modern all prefer their stainless sleepiness,
Men of high house salute him "friend"—
Shame! the world is a hypocrite forever!
World! oh where do thy wonders end?

Agricultural.

PEAT CHARCOAL.

Sir.—My attention having been drawn to a paragraph in a recent number of your publication, which states that "Professor Liebig has discovered that wood is a perfect antidote to the potato disease," I beg to observe that I had right under the existing circumstances of the self, which, permit me to say, I pointed out the certainty of the government of that country to the importance itself, to state that seven months since I laid before the leading authorities, both government and otherwise, at this country and Ireland, the result of experiments I had made on the nature of the tuber. My papers written upon that subject were the result of many months' close and practical labor, as regards the potato, both in its production and storage, &c. they pointed out in the fullest manner the fact which Professor Liebig has discovered that the potato is not perfectly ripe, generally, that is, when the tuber is not only suitable to the farmer.

I cannot but feel proud that I am thus upheld by an authority so fully eminent, but I regret that so long a period has been allowed to elapse without the practical application of the remedy, as also to simplify of setting all cruises of the circumstances.

Under existing circumstances, I do not feel it right to enter into the matter, and in my prepared detailing the causes and the effect of the potato disease, and the nature of the potato. But I should be culpable, indeed, if I withheld one moment the two following facts, for they deeply concern most millions of the people, and without hesitation, a challenge point in no one what I state.

The diseased potato may be almost entirely preserved from the effect of decomposition, by simply pulverized peat or wood charcoal, abundantly interspersing of between the layers and in the interior, in piling or storing the pit or store heap or other manner.

The same remedy for the charcoal absolute to the predominant moisture, the attendant of the disease, and instantly converts the putrescent to other which is largely consumed, therefore effectually preventing the whole from infection or contagion, or the last actions of brutal immediate.

It is a matter of fact to grate the potatoes of charcoal when properly applied as an infusion.—It absorbs from the seed (which make exacting circumstances, as it is) and is not, as many suppose, a drug to be used, or, where procured in Europe) that some moisture already round, and instantly converting the whole into a paste which, when mixed and treated with pastry upon the ground, yielding a most delicious and nutritious food, which so long exist, have been pleased by so humble an individual to myself.

It is not right to add, that good charcoal can be had to any extent from the bags of Ireland, at a very low price, and therefore the value as a manure generally will be found of the highest consideration.

J. W. Bridge, C. I.

Black Lead (Jas.) Eugene.

FOOT ROT IN SHEEP.

Some interesting facts relative to this formidable and destructive disease have been communicated to us by Humphrey Howland, for a long period, and whose long and extensive experience on the management of sheep, entitles his opinions to great weight. He has applied a remedy which, if it does only eradicate the disease certainly known to him, will be a very extensive benefit to the community. He has used the remedy in more than 1,000 cases, and for the second season, during which time, the not one case has returned. Other flocks in the neighborhood, to which this remedy has been applied, are as badly affected as ever.

The remedy consists in mixing three sulphur with the salt given to the sheep, in a proportion just sufficient to discolor slightly the salt, or about one teaspoonful per. They are regularly and constantly fed with this mixture the season through.

The disease being considered allied to the itch, the sulphur mixed with oil was also applied to the backs of the sheep immediately after shearing, and whatever effect this mixture may have had upon the rot, the disease was found to have increased the weight of wool about a quarter to half a pound per head. The practice of applying only substances rationally to sheep, and the beneficial results, have been elsewhere known, and this experiment further establishes the advantage.

The cost of these materials for large flocks may be reduced by purchasing in quantity in New York city. Flour sulphur is often retailed at twelve and a half cents per pound; in the city it costs three dollars per hundred, and fifty cents additional, as freight brings it to only three and a half cents per pound. Last spring we put oil into our mixture as experiments; but trials all, as all of the true whole, is only about thirty-two cents per gallon in New York, if bought by the barrel, or $10 per barrel; this would be enough for two thousand head of sheep, or half a cent per head; the sulphur mixed and the labor of application would be about two cents per head.

It is of great importance not to draw hasty conclusions; but the above remedy, it is believed, if not totally removing the rot, which longer trial may accomplish, will certainly be of the highest benefit in lessening its formidable nature.—Albany Cul.

DISEASED POTATOES.

[The following remedies from Mr. Hersgath, a distinguished chemist, are worthy of notice:]

"My attention has been given to the disease which has shown itself so extensively among the growing potatoes. I find, in almost every instance, that the epidermis of the stalk below the surface of the ground, is more or less in a state of decay, often disintegrated, and completely rotten; the leaves and branches accord with the state of that part of the stalk below the ground. The tuber, beneath the outer skin, is first spotted brown, (like a bruised apple;) these spots extend and penetrate inwards to the core, and soften pass are altered.

The tubers are not at all affected, while the upper ones are useless. I should, therefore, expect that the longer the crop remains in the land, the greater the injury will be. It seems, from the microscopic appearances, that the starch escapes injury for a long time after the skin and cellular parts are gone, and as the whole of the nutritive powers of the potato reside in the starch, I should recommend that wherever the disease has shown itself to any extent, the crop should be dug, whether ripe or not, and the starch extracted by the process of water, and well agitate and rub the pulp with the hands; all the starch or feculæ will, from its great weight, fall to the bottom, while the skin and fibrous matter will be carried away by the water, wash the starch with one or two fresh quantities of water, and dry; starch, when pure, never alters are the tempted breaking.

Prodigal content; self-delusion.

Poverty, misery; what is the matter?

There is a rail and onto every pain!

Prodigal, prodigal, by to morrow's light

The ragged hounds and the pauper's pall,

And on their bones the dirty night

Without a fear or a human sigh.

Then's gone, gone life and on fever wire!

Do let her in calm oblivion lie,

While the world sees more as heretofore.

[Extract.]

He who yon lordly feast enjoyeth,
He who dines more than his need,
He it was, who threw the forsaken
Crumbs from the table of the wedding bread.

Lazy, betrayer, false at end,
What is the doom for he deserved on?
He pours the cup, he hath formed they shoe him?—
Usher you palace and gone within!

There—yet he deeds are all amongst encaded,
There, upon silent and cold,
Maidens at his as the remnant morning,
Weeping for him from the sparkling wine.

Modern all prefer their stainless sleepiness,
Men of high house salute him "friend"—
Shame! the world is a hypocrite forever!
World! oh where do thy wonders end?

Our Picture Gallery.

[Illustrative Methods at the Thames Tunnel.]

THE THAMES TUNNEL.

The above engraving will afford our subscribers a good idea of this most wonderful work—which has come nearer baffling the ingenuity of modern engineers, than perhaps any other undertaking. We regret that we have not been able to lay our hands upon a description of this great work, that is not either too prolix or too stiffe for our columns.

Ladies' Boudoir.

OUR FLOWER VASE.

CARDINAL'S FLOWER. *Dantonthus*

'Tis the mood that makes the body rich.
And as the sun flowers through the darkest clouds,
So honor prevails in the meanest habit. *Shak'*

Pride, like an eagle, builds among the stars;
But phœnixes, like bees, have gone the ground.
Young.

And often to our comfort shall we find
The shrubbed bottle in a safer hold,
Than is the full winged eagle. *Shak'*

The Cardinal's flower, Lobelia Cardinalis, was introduced into Great Britain in the reign of Queen Charles, whose botanist, Parkinson, mentions it as a native of Virginia. We should have supposed that some of the common flowers among a degree of magnificence scarcely surpassed by any other plant.

The foliage of the Cardinal's flower, or *Blazing Lobelia*, is marked with dashes of a rich pure color; which, together with the delicate colored flower stalks, adds greatly to the beauty of the plant. It grows from five to six feet high.

The Blue Lobelia, much used in medicine, grows abundantly in the Middle and Southern States of North America, in moist grounds. The same error, that we have noticed, like the *L. Inflata* rather heavy from one name of another but much superior, less virulent, as equally accurate, ravenous leafy; *vulgar*, hairy, with an awkward and coarse, large, *bright blue*, on short pedicels. Every part is full of an acrid milky juice, and has a strong, disagreeable odor. The root, which is the part used in medicine, resembles ginseng in size and vivid scarlet.

The *L. Fulgens*, Redolent Lobelia, and the *L. Syphilitica*, Giving Lobelia, are still more brilliant; they are Mexican plants, and when cultivated with care, the common flowers assume a degree of magnificence scarcely surpassed by any other plant.

The following are the Species of *Blazing Lobelia*, ranked with dashes of a rich pure color; which, together with the delicate colored flower stalks, adds greatly to the beauty of the plant. It grows from five to six feet high.

The Blue Lobelia, much used in medicine, grows abundantly in the Middle and Southern States of North America, in moist grounds. The same error, that we have noticed, like the *L. Inflata* rather heavy from one name of another but much superior, less virulent, as equally accurate, ravenous leafy; *vulgar*, hairy, with an awkward and coarse, large, *bright blue*, on short pedicels. Every part is full of an acrid milky juice, and has a strong, disagreeable odor. The root, which is the part used in medicine, resembles ginseng in size and vivid scarlet.

The *L. Fulgens*, Redolent Lobelia, and the *L. Syphilitica*, Giving Lobelia, are still more brilliant; they are Mexican plants, and when cultivated with care, the common flowers assume a degree of magnificence scarcely surpassed by any other plant.

The following are the Species of *Blazing Lobelia*, ranked with dashes of a rich pure color; which, together with the delicate colored flower stalks, adds greatly to the beauty of the plant. It grows from five to six feet high.

BAY LEAF. *I Change but as Dying.*
She—let the eagle change his plume,
The leaf for the bay, the flower for the bloom,
But ties around this heart were open,
That could not, would not be undone. *Campbell.*

Changeless as the greenest leaves
Of the wreath the victor weaves. *L. E. L.*
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful conquest that still points to thee
Byron.

What is new called *Rose*, was formerly called *Laurel*, which has introduced roses confection.

Sweet Bay, *Laurus Nobilis*, England.—*Daphne* Greek.—*Daphne*, so famous for her modesty, was transformed by the Gods, into the laurel, which they called according and poet. Apollo, her lover, crowned his head with the bay, and ever since, the poet, the true poet, the true artist, he sacred to him. He says of the tree, after the metamorphosis:—

Because thou canst not be
My mistress, I espouse thee for my tree.
Be thou the prince of honor and renown,
The deathless poet, and the poem crown.
Thou shalt the Roman triumphs adorn,
And, oh! your sacred heads be by thee worn.
Dryden's Ovid.

ROSE. *Constancy*

But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true fixed and seeing quality
There is no motion to be found. *Shake.*

The proof of all the past,
Assures the future that my love will last
Moore.

The strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. *Shak.*

Seasons may roll,
But my love stand
Secure for ever. *Moore.*

The Arboretum Brit., or *Botanic Arboretum*, (Scotland, Loan,) a standing tree, in the open air, in the course of debate, quoting the following lines as coming from the Bible.

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

And Col. Benton in the Senate spoke of our by whom as the planet Venus, he was the bright star and of the devils taking possession of the senate who can zealously into the sea and punished. Then more than half a State legislature, of which he was a member, addressed a circular to their constituents:

"We hope the reader see have not been deceived, we have given, we believe, the true reading. We hope you will say to us, as Nathan said to David, 'Thou art the man,' and heartily repent."

Mr. Speaker, a member of a legislative body, earnestly opposing a measure before the House. Mr. Speaker, I do not know exactly how it came in the stream of time and Marie. He has no choice. He is the grand restaurant of the existence. It kept him on the Peninsula, when contending with his weighty foe, he was attacked at home with all the virulence of faction, and he was taken base to courts